

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1868, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 689—VOL. XXVII.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

Important Notice to Newsdealers.

We invite the attention of the trade to the fact that our next issue, with its supplement of "Grant at the Capture of the City of Mexico," will be furnished to dealers at only three times the wholesale price of the ordinary issue. These terms, it will be perceived, are more favorable to dealers than heretofore when

we have issued supplementary pictures of the kind. The orders already sent in are so numerous, that we must caution those still unsupplied to avoid any further delay in forwarding their applications, or we shall, as on a previous occasion, be compelled to leave their orders unfulfilled for lack of unsold copies.

The retail price for the newspaper and supplement will be thirty cents.

Our Next Number's Supplement.

With our next number will be issued the beautiful picture of "Grant at the Capture of the City of Mexico." Whether regarded as a work of art or in view of the subject illustrated, this splendid chromograph deserves a place in every American household. The theme is one that every American can contem-

plate with legitimate pride, and the value of the work is enhanced from the fact that the original painting, in Mr. Leslie's possession, was among the last efforts of a celebrated American artist, the late Emanuel Leutze, who painted it almost in the shadow of his approaching death.

The retail price for the newspaper and supplement will be thirty cents.



THE DEMELT DISPENSARY, CORNER OF SECOND AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY—THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN EXAMINING PATIENTS IN THE RECEPTION ROOM.—SEE PAGE 195.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHRISTMAS OFFERING TO AMERICAN HOUSEHOLDS.

A Magnificent Chromograph,
ENTITLED

"Grant at the Capture of
the City of Mexico."

From the Original picture, painted by
the late Emanuel Leutze, expressly
for Mr. Leslie.

THIS MAGNIFICENT WORK OF ART,

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Will be published as a SUPPLEMENT to

THE NEXT NUMBER OF
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
Issued Dec. 9, 1868.

The artist has described the subject of his painting
as follows:

"While the troops were advancing upon the city of Mexico, they were much annoyed by the fire of the enemy from the tops of their flat-roofed houses. Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, with a few men, hoisted a battery of mountain howitzers to the cupola of the church of St. Fernando, and opened an enfilading fire on the house-tops."—Extract from correspondence of Emanuel Leutze.

N. B.—Give your order immediately to your news-dealer, or send 30 cents to FRANK LESLIE'S Publication Office, 537 Pearl street, N. Y., and the picture and paper will be forwarded by mail to your address on the day of publication.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Preliminary Notice.

With the advent of the new year we shall commence the publication of a journal, to be entitled,

"THE NEW WORLD."

We intend making our new paper a model of its kind, founded upon our long experience of what the public require.

More extended notices of the design of our new journal will be given in future advertisements.

Jury Perjury.

We do not remember ever to have read of a more cowardly murder than that of Mr. H. Rives Pollard, publisher of the *Southern Opinion*, Richmond, on the 24th of November. An article exposing some domestic scandal in the family of a well-to-do citizen appeared in his paper—a vile and utterly inexcusable article, but not a whit worse, nor, indeed, half as bad, as hundreds that appear in our Sunday, or, for that matter, in some of our daily papers. The article was not written by Mr. Pollard, who seems to have been rather a publisher than an editor; nor does it appear that he was ever approached by the aggrieved parties with any request for explanation, correction or apology. But a member of the implicated family arms himself with pistols and a double-barreled gun heavily loaded with buck-shot, locks himself in a vacant room in a house opposite Mr. Pollard's office, and, as Mr. Pollard approaches it in the morning, without a word of caution or warning, deliberately shoots him dead.

After this statement of the undisputed facts, the deed stands in no need of characterization.

To call it brutal and cowardly comes short of its true designation, for which language is too poor.

But we do not write in vindication of Mr. Pollard, nor have we, with our limited knowledge of his character and antecedents, much cause to regret his death. Possibly his sudden exit was a good riddance for the community in which he lived. It is to arraign the moral sentiment of Richmond itself that we write. Can our readers believe it possible that a coroner's jury, "of twelve good men and true," sitting by the side of Pollard's bleeding body, with his murderer notoriously in a room not thirty yards distant, with his still sticking weapon in his hands, should bring in a verdict, "on their oaths," that Pollard came to his death by gunshot wounds inflicted by some person or persons unknown?

We can understand that, in an excitable and impulsive population like that of Richmond, a good deal demoralized by the war, there may have been some very reckless and inconsiderate persons to hurrah for the murderer, as he emerged from his ambush into the streets. But how it was possible that twelve men, presumably respectable, should accept one of the most responsible duties that can devolve on the citizen, and deliberately perjure themselves, passes understanding in civilized communities. There are, unhappily, some kinds of perjury which are deemed venial, such as custom-house oaths, and those of naturalization candidates and brokers; but the persons who are daily guilty of such crimes would hesitate before the responsibility involved in deliberate murder.

In view of the action of the jury, and the conduct of the populace of Richmond, we can only repeat the words of the brother of the murdered man: "Let these things stand to the shame of their perpetrators, and write their own commentary on the chivalry of Richmond."

We are aware that there are not a few of our own citizens who would not be sorry if the bloody lesson taught in Richmond might be given to the wretches who abuse the freedom of the Press in our own city. The reputation of no man or woman is safe from their assaults, and as they are mainly poor, irresponsible vagabonds, they are beyond the reach of the ordinary punishment of the law. Occasionally one of them gets soundly thrashed, but they seem to be as callous in body as hardened in soul. A charge of buck-shot might teach them caution if not decency; and the teacher might escape any severe penalty for taking the administration of justice in his own hands. But we trust no one will do so in ambush, or, if he does so, that no jury will perjure itself to enable him to escape the consequences of his act, or the penalty due to an assassin. The hunters of noxious animals often feel it an obligation to give their victims a chance for their lives.

Women's Rights in England in the Last Century.

Let not Mrs. Cady Stanton and her associates be disheartened. Let the gentler sex of man in the village of Mount Vernon still indulge in the hope of vindicating their right to self-government. Let the Reverend Olympia Brown still fondly look forward to archiepiscopal honors, and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell still aspire to be inaugurated as Mayoress of Vineland. Let the boasted civilization and culture of the nineteenth century pale before the chivalrous ignorance of the eighteenth. Let the present Judiciary of England excuse themselves, if they can, to an indignant sex, for the departure in their recent decision from the good old rule of *stare decisis*. The following authentic report of a case determined by the unanimous voice of the Court of King's Bench in 1740, shows that the rights of women were more clearly understood at that day in monarchical England than at the present in republican America.

John Olive and Sarah Bly were candidates for the office of sexton in the parish of St. Botolph in the city of London, and their respective claims to the office came before the Court of King's Bench for adjudication. She had received one hundred and sixty-nine male votes and forty female. He had one hundred and seventy-four male votes, and twenty-two female, and by force of masculine prejudice he received the certificate and was inducted into office.

The case as presented to the Court necessarily involved two questions:

- 1st. Whether a female may, by law, serve the office of parish sexton?
- 2d. Whether females were entitled to vote at the election of a sexton?

The counsel for the male incumbent contended that all the votes for the female contestant were thrown away, as she was disqualified on account of her sex, and further, that the female votes for both candidates must be thrown out, leaving to the man a majority of the lawful votes, a woman being no more entitled to vote for a sexton than a Member of Parliament or a coroner, which Lord Coke

says, "they may not do, although they have freeholds and contribute to all public charges, even to the wages of knights of the shire, which are to be levied *de communitate comitatus*."

Lord Chief-Justice Lee, delivering the opinion of the Court, says, "I am clearly of opinion that a woman may be sexton of a parish. Women have held much higher offices, and, indeed, almost all the offices of the kingdom: as Queen, Marshal, Great Chamberlain, Great Constable, Champion of England, Commissioner of Sewers, Keeper of a Prison, and Returning Officer for Member of Parliament."

"As to the second point, it would be strange if a woman herself may fill the office, and yet be disqualified to vote for it. The election of Members of Parliament and of coroner stands on special grounds. No woman has ever sat in Parliament, or voted for Members of Parliament, and we must presume that when the franchise was first created, it was confined to the male sex. There was no reason for such a restriction respecting the office of sexton, whose duties do not concern the morals of the living, but the interment of the dead. The female votes being added to the poll, Sarah Bly has the majority, so that she, and not John Olive, is now the lawful sexton of this parish." (3 Strange's Reports, 1,144.)

Lord Campbell mentions this decision in his *Life of Chief-Justice Lee*, and in corroboration adds in a note, "Lady Packington was relieving officer at Aylesbury, and the famous Countess of Pembroke, being hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland, attended the judges in that capacity at the assizes."

It is proper, in explanation of Chief-Justice Lee's opinion, to state that when he mentions the office of Commissioner of Sewers as one to which the sex may aspire, he does not mean a Superintendent of Seamstresses and Dress-makers, but refers to the government of the underground conduits for the waste and filth of cities, an office which in our metropolis, we believe, is held by Mr. Thomas Stephens, President of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and which his gallantry will, no doubt, induce him to resign at once in favor of some ambitious and energetic spinster.

To relieve the apprehensions of our sister British subjects, we must also explain that by the Championship of England, referred to by Sir William Lee, is not intended that honorable position once held by the late Thomas Sayers, Esq., and which the iron muscles of John C. Heenan so nearly wrested from him; but an entirely different office, of great antiquity—the sole duty appertaining to it being to appear at coronations, and offer battle to any one who questions the right to the crown—and which office being hereditary, and once held by a non-combatant clergyman, might with greater propriety be entrusted to the vigorous arms of a modern Amazon.

We hasten also to propitiate the ire of our fair readers, justly aroused by the Parthian shot in Chief-Justice Lee's opinion, in which he suggests that females are qualified by law to hold any office "whose duties do not concern the morals of the living." The learned Chief-Justice in that expression fell into a fault too often unjustly ascribed to the other sex—that of saying too much. It was his duty to decide the case before him as to the title to that particular office, and not to indulge in extra-judicial speculations as to what offices may not be held by women. That remark was unnecessary to the decision, is what lawyers call *obiter dictum*, and must be rejected by all female minds as irrelevant, scandalous, and impertinent.

Lord Campbell, an equal authority of recent date, shows that a lady may lawfully fill, and has filled, the office of sheriff. What a field for thought in this simple statement of fact! It suggests that when the sex shall have obtained their rights, if our Celtic sister citizens shall be as active in preparing their claims to office as their hard-fisted brethren now are, it may not be long before a Jimmy O'Brien shall be succeeded by a Judy O'Flanagan. Imagination carries us into the glorious future, which may yet be reality. Instead of brutal male tipstaves serving injunctions on theatrical managers, as at present, with blasphemy, violence, and bloodshed, we see in our mind's eyes a bevy of graceful forms flit quietly to the centre of the stage, and, with smiles and courtesies, hand perfumed wits to the astonished actors, and then retire amid a shower of bouquets. When buildings are to be entered under judicial process, instead of doors being battered down by the bludgeons of burly bailiffs, we see them fall, as did the walls of Jericho at the command of Joshua, before the potent magic of a woman's tongue. But it is in the execution of the extreme sentence of the law upon the persons of unfortunate malefactors that the superiority of female refinement over male coarseness will be most sweetly and sadly exhibited. We imagine the sheriffess in consultation with her deputies on the subject of the toilet most becoming to the complexion and figure of the wretched criminal. His last glance on earth falls not on cocked hats,

swords, staves, and stern looks, but on the more consoling array of chignons, panniers, sunshades and lovely faces bedewed with tears, which are wiped away by the finest lace and purest cambric. Taper fingers, encased in Parisian gloves, tenderly adjust the fatal noose—the chief official, throwing aside her veil of heaviest crape, impresses on his pallid lips a salute for which he would at any time have gladly given his life, and then with sharpened scissors clips the cord which sends him into eternity.

Let the Sorosis then not "sorrow as those without hope," but let the subject here suggested be taken up at their next meeting in the natural order of business, after dress and scandal, and discussed with the soothing accompaniments of tea and muffins.

"Heads, I Win; Tails, You Lose!"

If there be any truth in the telegraphic reports that reach us from England, Lord Stanley has been playing this antique game with Mr. Beverdy Johnson with signal success. We are told now that the American claims on Great Britain are to be submitted to a mixed commission, to be composed of two Englishmen and one American, who, if they cannot agree, may collectively choose an umpire! The preponderance of two to one in favor of Great Britain is to be compensated for by the commission holding its sessions in Washington. If this be not "Heads, I win; tails, you lose," we have forgotten the tenor of that profitable little game. "I will take the turkey, and you may have the crow, or you may have the crow, and I will take the turkey," was the equitable proposition of the Western hunter to his Indian companion. We probably all remember the interrogative answer of the red-skin, when, after reflection, he asked, "Why you no talk turkey to me?" We have a clear conviction that if any such arrangement has been made by Lord Stanley with that intolerable old gabler Johnson, the Senate, by which his proceedings will ultimately be revised, will be sure to ask a question quite as pertinent as that attributed to the Indian hunter. The *Herald* repeats substantially what we have all along maintained regarding this matter: "Mr. Beverdy Johnson is in every way disgracing us. His diplomatic dinners mean the payment of the English rebel cotton bondholders' debt, and it is for this that we see the English privateer builders embracing the American Minister at the Court of St. James. Our Alabama claims should first be presented for payment to the United States Government. The bill should then be forwarded to England for payment, and if this be refused, we have the means close at hand to fully indemnify ourselves."

Matters and Things.

A BILL is before the Vermont Senate imposing penalties varying from \$2 to \$20 upon the parent or guardian of every boy who neglects to attend school, and authorizing Judges to send to the reform school boys convicted of a second offense in staying away.—G. W. Carleton announces a new magazine, to be called *Mayne Reid's Magazine*, intended for the "Youth of America," and aiming at the highest order of literature known to the pages of a periodical.—Fifteen years ago Charles Reade was not known as an author; this year, before he touches pen to paper, leading publishers in England and America have competed for the privilege of paying him for his next story an aggregate price equal to nearly \$50,000, or double the annual salary of the President of the United States. And besides this, he has copyright and right of dramatization.—The income of the President is far below that of many of the officials of this State and City, as well as of other States and large cities. Take the annual income of Sheriff O'Brien or Chamberlain Sweeney—take the incomes of the Health Officer or the Harbor Commissioners—take the incomes of a score of other local functionaries whom we might name—and it will be seen how petty in comparison is the income of the President. And yet, with all fitting economy, the President is called upon to make expenditures required of no other man in the country.—Another of the painful effects of Grant's election has appeared in Georgia. Some time ago the white Democratic members of the Legislature expelled all the colored Republican members. Now, it seems, they are anxious to have their action in this matter submitted to the Courts. "If," says a Georgia correspondent, "the State Legislature transcended its legitimate powers, or violated the Constitution which Congress approved precedent to Georgia's admission, the judicial tribunals of the State are competent authority to settle the matter by so declaring, and, if such decision be rendered, the people will submit, and govern themselves accordingly." This is sensible on the part of the people of Georgia.—General Grant recently expressed to an army friend his utter contempt of the statesmen who are urging their own merits as office-holders upon him. He said that he would make up his Cabinet after he received a certificate of election, and then no one would know whom he had decided upon until their names got into print. "It's no use planning a campaign until you have a war," said he.—The *Herald* says, "Very few politicians or philosophers now care to inquire what Mr. Johnson has done, what he has failed to do, what he may do, what he is doing or intends to do, or whether, on his

retirement from the White House, he goes to Tennessee or to Texas. To the public at large it is enough that his administration has been a failure, and that they are awaiting the incoming of General Grant with a very general expectation of something better.—The difference between man and the gorilla are very striking. The latter cannot stand upright, owing to the structure of his spinal column; his arms are longer, and his legs are shorter than those of the human species; in walking he commonly uses the back of his hands, placing them flat upon the ground; he has thirteen pairs of ribs, and the female fourteen, whereas man has but ten; he has several muscles which are not found in man; he has "bagpipes" under his arms, connecting with his windpipe and glottis, and by compressing these with his arms he can make a noise more terrible than the uproar of a thousand ragmen, and which can be heard, according to the testimony of Mr. Du Chailly, at a distance of three miles and more.—The French Government seems to be bent on inaugurating a reign of terror. All expression of opinion on the Emperor's coup d'état is forbidden. One of the best Liberal papers of Europe has been suspended, and prosecutions against other journals have been begun. Louis Napoleon seems anxious to emulate the despotism of the ex-Queen of Spain. We hope that the result may be the same.—Some persons were speaking of a certain old lady's goodness of heart, and how she could see retrieving qualities in every one; some palliation for every offense. "Indeed," said one of the company, "I believe if any one in her hearing should talk harshly of Satan himself, she would defend him," and the dear old lady coming in at the moment, the remark was repeated. "Well, I often think it would be well for all of us if we imitated his zeal and industry," she quietly responded.

Mr. CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, who accompanied Mr. Hepworth Dixon to America, has written a companion book to the latter's "New America," entitled, "Greater Britain; a Record of Travel in English-speaking countries, etc., etc." which is likely to be as successful as Mr. Dixon's book itself. It is well written and fair, without being either fulsome or libelous. Mr. Dilke has no sympathy with those pseudo-Americans who affect to despise the country and institutions under which they have grown up and prospered, and who, if born in any other land, would probably never have arisen to any higher career than that of day-laborers or shopkeepers. He says of them:

"Many American men and women who have too little nobility of soul to be patriots, and too little understanding to see that theirs is already, in many points, the master country of the globe, come to you, and bewail the fate which has caused them to be born citizens of a republic and dwellers in a country where men call vices by their names. The least educated of their countrymen, the only grossly vulgar class that America brings forth, they fly to Europe to escape democracy, and pass their lives in Paris, Pau, or Nice, living libels on the country they are believed to represent."

Of those who are lamenting the demoralization of politics and office in our large towns, the consequence of their own criminal apathy or love of ease, he says:

"Instead of entering upon a reform of their municipal institutions, they affect to despise free government; instead of giving, as the oldest New England families have done, their time to the State schools, they keep entirely aloof from School and State alike. Sending their boys to Cambridge, Berlin, Heidelberg, anywhere rather than to the colleges of their native land, they leave it to learned, pious Boston to supply the West with teachers, and to keep up Yale and Harvard. Indignant if they are pointed at as 'no Americans,' they seem to separate themselves from everything that is American; they spend summers in England, winters in Algeria, springs in America, and Coloradans say with a sneer, 'Good New Yorkers go to Paris when they die.'"

The following is the summary of an interview which Mr. Dilke had with General Grant, whose leading element of character is, he thinks, the General's "unflinching determination":

"General Grant assured me of the great aptness at soldiering shown by the negro troops. In battle they displayed extraordinary courage, but if their officers were picked off they could not stand a charge; so more, he said, could their Southern masters. The power of standing firm after the loss of leaders is possessed only by regiments where every private is as good as his captain and colonel, such as the Northwestern and New England volunteers."

It was a pleasing instance of the liberality and good sense of our citizens that while preparing the luxuries for their Thanksgiving dinner, they did not forget the thousands of little folks who are dependent upon the various charitable missions for the kindnesses that make life happy. Particularly was it gratifying to see the noble manner in which the hotels and our benevolent ladies responded to the appeals made in behalf of the Five Points' Mission, that pioneer in the work of gathering, clothing, feeding, and educating the destitute and unfortunate children of our city. After a series of recitations and singing, the children filed into the large dining-halls and arranged themselves about tables that made their eyes sparkle, so generously were they laden with turkeys, chickens, roast pigs, cakes, apples, and the most inviting pies. When all was ready for the meal, it was indeed difficult to guess which was the larger party, the children of the Mission, or the kind friends who were only too anxious to help them to the tempting delicacies. After dinner the children reassembled in the chapel, and each one received a pretty present. Either a doll was given, in unexceptionable pink barege, or a dancing jack, or a horse and wagon, or a countless variety of other objects. The gifts were appropriate to the age, sex, or taste of each. Over six hundred little ones were thus remembered.

The great English reformer, Mr. Bright, in a recent speech, made the first attack on that frightful iniquity, the indelibility of orders, the law which binds a clergyman of the English Church who has become a Catholic or a Deist to continue a Protestant clergyman or starve. It is actually the fact that if a clergyman who has unhappily become an Athiest honestly lays down his

gown and tries to live by secular avocations, he is liable to imprisonment. One of the very first acts of the new Parliament will probably be to sweep away an oppression the only object of which is to feed young men "in orders" with the idea that they are superior to laymen; are "priests" in the Romish, Jewish, and Hindoo sense of the word, a caste divinely commissioned to perform sacrifices which other men may not perform?

LILLIPUT ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING DAY, unhappily for theatrical management, and perhaps more unthriftily for the younger denizens of this overgrown metropolis—in the height of our dwellings—returns to us but once a year. Manhood would endure it patiently and happily in consideration of scantier labor, and more good cooking, were it not for the crying necessity of feeding the insatiable mind of universal Lilliput with the wonders of Sensational Drama and Pantomime, French Sensational Drama, a portion of good old Irish acting, some queer Italian Opera, Nigger Minstrelsy, two plates of Opera Bouffe, a touch of English Burlesque—and, in all conscience, we think Lilliput ought to be satisfied.

Our opinion is offered to Lilliput, the more specially, because the day began with a rain, which must have made it gaze upon its Noah's Ark with strong desire for their duplication in a larger size.

We can indeed scarcely doubt that managerial nerve tore its hair, and offered its vows to the Clerk of the Weather, to give anything or nothing, provided he would clear away the clouds and the washing rain, which was sweeping the streets in that good old-fashioned way, adopted by Jupiter Pluvius in those blessed moments, that he occasionally, both graciously and gratuitously, performs the duties of Street-cleaner, saving the official whose duty street-cleaning is supposed to be, a large amount of trouble and some small expense. By-the-by, we would suggest to Street-cleaner Whiting, if that be his name, that a temple erected to the goddess of cleanliness in some conspicuous portion of the city would be a testimony of the veneration and gratitude he must perforce entertain for the classical godhead who takes the work with such capricious benevolence off his hands, and allows him to place the money paid for it in his own pocket.

But, let us return to the theatre and Lilliput. After washing the streets, Jupiter Pluvius retired for the day, in conscientious wishes for the digestive organs of paternity. He demanded that it should refrain from too much turkey, dumpling, and plum-pudding, and indulge its offspring in an amusement, which would very certainly not overwhelm its little head with any too great amount of brain labor.

Consequently, if the Academy of Music, did not fill, Why, Pike's Opera House did so royally, to the intense delight of the Papa Bakemon with the "Barbe Bleue."

The Graf Grau drew in a plethora of ducks—No! dollars, and greenbacks at that—to the glory of "Genevieve," the superb, or "De Brabant." "Ixion" turned his wheel effectively at Wood's Museum.

"The Lancashire Lass" sensationally delighted the grown-up sons and mothers of Lilliput in the spacious arena of Lester Wallack's theatre.

The New York Theatre gave them "Under the Gaslight."

"Humpty Dumpty," the grand Lilliputian show of the time, to Lilliput's most intense glee and rapture.

"After Dark" defied daylight at Niblo's, and crowded the house when the streets had put off the sun and taken to gas.

Last, not least, the Burney Williams—man and wife—gratified Lilliput, as much as any, with some of the good old Irish drama that never wears, long as it may have been known, the lovers of fun, mirth and frolic.

But we must not say last. The Circus was crammed—so was Bryant's—so was the Theatre Comique—so was Kelly and Leon's, and so was almost every place of amusement in the city. Lilliput thanked heaven with a good heart, and closed its eyes that night in murmurs of joy. Most of the managers blessed Lilliput with tears in their eyes, and only grumbled that Thanksgiving night did not occur once a week, and could find Lilliput with its pockets invariably full.

ART GOSSIP.

THE second winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design was thrown open to the public on Tuesday, November 24th. According to usage, a reception was held in the galleries of the Academy on the previous evening. The assemblage was a large and brilliant one, comprising representatives from all the leading professions; and a very fair impression of the fashion and beauty of New York society might have been taken from it by any stranger who happened to be present.

On our subsequent visit to the galleries, by daylight, the collection of pictures did not strike us as being an improvement on that of last winter. It is true that much interest attaches to that portion of the exhibition which includes works by the lately deceased painters, Emanuel Leutze, Charles L. Elliott, and Shepherd A. Mount. The portraits by Elliott are especially worthy of consideration. More than thirty in number, they form in themselves a portrait gallery of no small mark, and may be taken, on the whole, as offering a very fair exhibit of the painter's power in the branch of art to which he had so long and laboriously devoted himself.

Two of these portraits are life-sized full-lengths, that of Matthew Vassar, 324, and that of the late Governor Bouck, 330. The heads, in both of these portraits, are marked by the truthfulness and individuality apparent in all of Elliott's best works. In full-length portraits, however, the artist never was at his very best, and we turn to the smaller canvases on the walls to find his strongest points.

An exceedingly able portrait of an old gentleman is the one marked 336 in the catalogue. In this the hand of Elliott is to be recognized in its more subtle grasp of character. For expression, it is one of the best portraits we have seen from his pencil.

In No. 344, too, a portrait of Mr. James M. Hart, the well-known landscape painter, there is to be observed much of that insight and magnetic appreciation with which Elliott worked, conveying to his canvas not merely the lineaments of those whom he painted, but something of the inner and intellectual man as well.

Want of space prevents us from at present extending our remarks on the Elliott department of the exhibition; but to the portraits comprised in it we shall return again.

Ten paintings, large and small, comprising historical subjects, genre compositions, and portraits, form the memorial group of works selected for the present exhibition from those left by the late Emanuel Leutze. The largest of these canvases represents the "Storming of Ticonderoga," 317, a scene of Spanish invaders forcing the walls of one of those South American fortresses of ancient times, in the conquest of which they were met with so much desperate valor by the aboriginal lords of the soil. There is much *clan* in the movement of the massed figures here, though the whole conception is rather too suggestive of the stage, and its various "properties" and costumes.

An excellent portrait of Mr. Whittridge, N. A., in fancy, or character costume, is the one numbered 315. Notwithstanding the disguise in which any unusual costume more or less veils the wearer of it, no one who

has ever seen the original of this portrait will, for a moment, hesitate to recognize it.

Another strong portrait is that of Leutze himself, from his own pencil, 313, and there is much truth of expression and color in 318, that of Mr. Louis Lang, N. A.

And to these pictures by Leutze, as to those of Elliott, we shall devote further attention in future installments of Art Gossip.

Glancing at the landscapes, we pause awhile before "Moorish Watch Towers—The Foray," 290, painted by Mr. Samuel Colman. Bold rocks, one of which smokes, volcano-like, from a watch-tower on the summit of it; a stony plain below, with picturesque riders on horseback driving cattle. These are the elements out of which Mr. Colman has produced a picture possessing considerable merit for color and effect.

No. 95, "Scene on the Susquehanna," from the pencil of Mr. A. H. Wyant, has a charm belonging to it from a certain mystery with which it has been infused by the artist. There is mind in this small landscape, an element which is all the more valuable because not always prominently conspicuous in the works even of our most popular landscape painters.

Mr. G. H. Yowell contributes from Europe, where he has been residing for some time past, "On the Campagna," 67—a contribution of landscape and figures. The shepherd girl in the foreground is well posed, and painted with some force. In tone this picture is somewhat heavy, but there is to be discerned in it some encouraging progress on the part of the painter.

BOOK NOTICES.

MABEL'S MISTAKE. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Another novel from a vigorous pen. The scene is laid partly on the Hudson and partly in Spain. There are some fine descriptive passages. In point of dramatic effect and thrilling interest this work may be regarded as fully equal to "Doubly False," by the same authoress. Characters as well as scenes are portrayed with distinctness and power. Mabel, who, guided by a strong sense of duty, under peculiar circumstances, made the unhappy mistake of marrying the old man instead of the young one, is a most amiable but rather weak character. Lena and Ralph, the young lovers, strongly excite the hopes and sympathies of the good-natured reader, while the governess, and Zillah, the quadroon, by their falseness and plotting, become, under the pen of the gifted writer, equally objects of intense dislike; and one is almost inclined to regret that so fair a picture should require the introduction of what is so repulsive. That portion of the story-reading public that delight in mystery, murder and madness, fearful dangers and miraculous escapes, with the machinations of the devil, counteracted by the management of almost impossible heroes, will find what they want in this book.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. Vol. III. By BENJAMIN J. LOEWING. Hartford: T. Belknap.

By far the most complete and best history of the civil war yet published, or likely to be published for many years. Full, faithful, and comprehensive in details, and enriched with copious notes, it constitutes as complete an account of the facts of the war as can be desired, and though written from a Northern point of view, the conscientious care with which the truth has been sifted out, places it among the most reliable of historical works. The illustrations, of which there are nearly twelve hundred in the three volumes, are of great value. They include maps, the scenes of remarkable events, noted localities, and numerous portraits. It would appear that nothing connected with the war that could be made the subject of an illustration has been omitted. No public or private library will be complete without this work. The third volume comprises a record of events from the midsummer of 1863 to the close of the war.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS: "The Morrisons, a Story of Domestic Life," by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, and "Across the Atlantic," a volume of letters from Europe, by C. H. Esselcer, M.D.

FROM G. W. CARLETON: "The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking," a reprint of an English work.

FROM TICKNOR & FIELDS: Two volumes of "Passages from the Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the diamond edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works complete in one volume.

FROM VIRTUE & YORSTON: The Art Journal for November, with three fine steel engravings.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Our Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James—Death of the young Marquis of Hastings—Incidents in Court—Progress of Democracy in England.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 10, 1868.

THESE he goes again! He won't stop it! At the Lord Mayor's dinner last night, for the seventh time on public occasions during his less than three months' sojourn here, our American Minister Plenipotentiary has, in a maudlin way, reiterated his assurances of the warmest affection and cordial love and regard felt by his countrymen for the people who are of the same origin, and speak the same language; that he and his esteemed friend, Stanley, have settled everything: not a subject of dispute or discord left between the two great countries which have a common destiny, and which alone are the hope and anchor of the future. At Liverpool, two weeks ago, he let off a load of that sort of rubbish, but at a later hour in the evening, got up a second time and feelingly declared, that if in the future, unhappily, strife should arise between England and America, he should ever love Stanley and Gladstone. "Whatever may happen, nothing shall turn my heart from those noble Englishmen"—and they, too, present. Last night, as heretofore, he announced to an applauding company that he and the Foreign Secretary had settled and solved everything. But being called upon for a speech, Lord Stanley did not, as at Liverpool, remind his hearers that Mr. Johnson was but a Minister whose acts are of no authority until approved by his Home Government, from which no advice had been received! In a word, and you have already anticipated very like a vain, foolish old man, and is, without his knowledge, being very much laughed at by the sensible and thinking classes. As for his fraternizing with our open, avowed enemies during the struggle for the life of the Government which sent him here, no words can overstate the disgust of loyal Americans abroad, in which they have the sympathy of those who, through those long four years of gloom and dejection, still believed in, and prayed for the triumph of the right!

"If, indeed, what Mr. Johnson says is true," said one English lady in the best society to me a few evenings since—"if the American people do love us and feel no resentment for our conduct toward them during the war, to speak of nothing else, then they are the most amiable Christians on earth, far beyond question England behaved vilely toward them, and it does not seem in human nature they can forget or forgive it." And such is, after all, the general feeling of guilt, remorse, and fear, although Mr. Johnson has done something toward relieving them from the nightmare of immediate and terrible retribution. Of course the better informed understand that the American Minister is, after all, of no account save as the exponent of the

views of a Middle State man, who, secretly hoping and praying for the success of the rebellion throughout, was too wise to commit himself to its doubtful fortune, and when the end came, could point to ambiguous phrases uttered in evidence of his loyalty; and there are not a few who remember his famous letter and speeches to the electors of Maryland counseling them to make light of the constrained oath of loyalty, before they were permitted to vote in the year 1864, declaring the extraordinary principle, that, as neither Federal nor State Government had the right to enact the best oath, they might conscientiously take it, whatever were their political views, or whatever had been their acts! I am accustomed to say to Englishmen who ask me if Mr. Johnson, Minister, tells the truth about American sentiment toward Great Britain: "Wait till Congress assembles, and if he is not recalled, or if his wonderful diplomacy is approved, then you may believe one-half he has said." I hear his style of oratory much laughed at, being an exaggeration of the ponderous word-minister Websterian fashion, to which the English have not been accustomed, and sadly in contrast with Stanley's, Bright's and Gladstone's. It is not a pleasant office to attack a gentlemanly old man like Reverdy J., but really never were Americans abroad so sadly tried as since his coming, and unless recalled, his wonderful diplomacy rejected, he will continue to fit in the representing the United States, and lowering it in the estimation of Europe. A simple rebuke from Congress he would probably heed no more than he does the loud reproaches of the people which already has reached him. Johnson must be suppressed, and that speedily.

The young Marquis of Hastings, whose betting transactions on the turf have for the past two years so largely occupied the attention of this horse-racing people, died yesterday at the age of twenty-six, having survived an enormous fortune and a noble name for at least one year. The wisest thing he ever did in this early taking himself off, as several actions in the courts are pending, which, on trial, would, if possible, consign to still this dashing action of the privileged classes to still the blacker infamy. Many things are tending to the downfall of the aristocracy, and in these revolutionary times of church disestablishment and law reforms, the people are inquiring, What is the benefit to us and the State that a few should have more than they want, and many not enough? So long as the nobles prove themselves nobler than the rest, so long as their lives show them mindful of their legend, *Noblesse oblige*, there is no murmuring, and hearty willingness in bearing the heavy burdens of serfdom; for, indeed, in a land of caste, any place below the highest is that of serf. The days foretold by Tennyson seem at hand—

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping higher,
Glare at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire!"

And our new Lord Mayor, at his banquet on Monday last, gave the hopes of the nation, the Princess Royal, some plain words of warning, which it will be well for them and their children to heed. In a word, England has had about enough of all this nonsense and foolery of Divine Rights, and old families, and the career and death of the Marquis of Hastings will precipitate the inevitable Democracy which follows public schools and popular intelligence.

If any person fancies that the famous trial scene in Pickwick is an exaggeration, and doubts that such a judge and such blunders occur in courts, let him go into them, especially the criminal ones. A few days since I chanced to be in a police court, as an inexperienced jurymen, who had a like name to the prisoner called, answered to the cry of the clerk, and by the officers was rudely shoved into the dock. In a frightened and feeble way he endeavored to explain, but, "Silence in the Court!" drowned his words, and when interrogated as to the charge, "Guilty or not guilty?" he stammered, "I'm not." "The prisoner pleads 'Not guilty,'" shouted the officer, and had not, luckily, a neighbor of the bewildered man desisted him there, and gone to the judge and made explanations, the jurymen would in a few moments have found himself under sentence, and maybe on his way to prison.

Do you remember old Lear, "Change places! handy dandy! which is the justice, and which the thief?" and so how can you tell a rogue from a jurymen? I was once in a police court, when the prisoner was so greatly frightened when arraigned, that he could not stand on his legs, and blundered out he had no lawyer! "Never mind, my man," said the magistrate; "I'll see that you have justice." "Oh, sir, but that's what frightens me so," cried the fellow.

There was some talk, during the extreme hot weather of last summer, of throwing aside the big, heavy horse-hair wigs which so disfigure the lawyers and judges; but with return of a lower temperature the faithful Briton renews his love for the ancient custom, and things go on as before.

The Demilt Dispensary, Corner of Second Avenue and Twenty-third Street, N. Y.

THE Demilt Dispensary is a large, handsome building, erected for the purpose for which it is used, and situated on the corner of Second avenue and Twenty-third street. The territory which its visiting physicians are expected to traverse is divided into two districts, which are under the immediate charge of J. W. Brennan, M. D., and J. E. Steel, M. D., both of whom are eminent in their profession, and most attentive in their duties. A person desiring medical advice at the Dispensary enters a large reception-room, which is fitted up with convenient seats, and is comfortably warmed, and from which doors lead into smaller rooms, in which are stationed physicians, who attend to certain special maladies.

The diseases treated are divided into nine general classes, as follows: Diseases of the heart, lungs, and throat; diseases of head and abdomen; diseases of eye and ear; diseases of children; diseases of the skin; diseases of women; surgical diseases; diseases of vaccination; minor surgery. Each of these classes is treated in a separate room, and by a physician who has made a careful study of that particular group of diseases, and whose knowledge and experience are therefore of the utmost value to the afflicted.

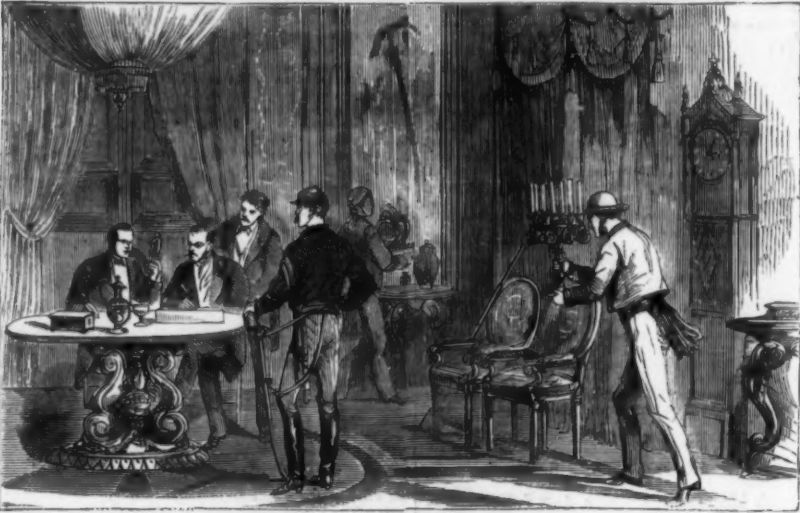
When the patients are admitted, they are rapidly examined by the house physician (Isaac Cummings, M.D.), who quietly but speedily separates them into their several classes, according to their maladies. He then directs the different classes to be seated on benches which bring them most convenient to the various "class" rooms; that is, the "eye and ear" patients are seated near room No. 2, the "head and abdomen" class are placed opposite room No. 5, while those requiring operations in "minor surgery" (drawing teeth, etc.), are seated convenient to No. 7.

The physicians and surgeons speedily arrive, and, proceeding at once to their several class-rooms, begin the business of the day. The patients are admitted one at a time, each disease carefully diagnosed, treatment determined, the prescription written, and the patient is dismissed with instructions to get the apothecary's room to get the prescription put up.

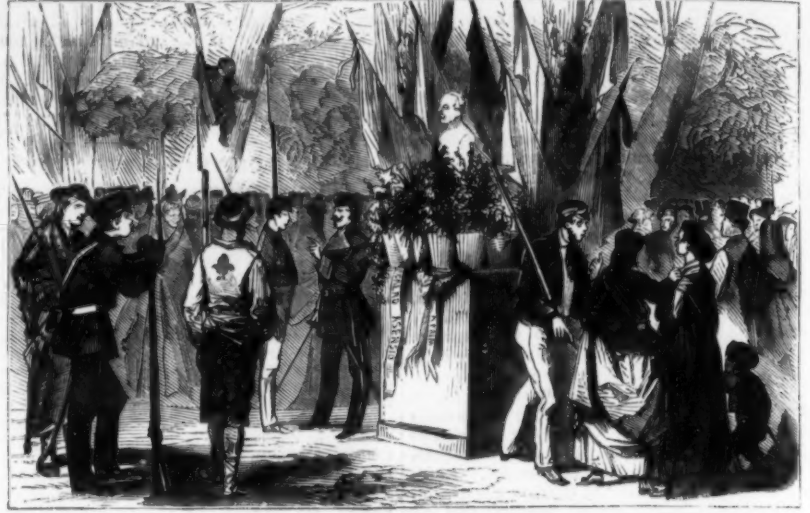
All the care bestowed is perfectly gratuitous. No fee is demanded or permitted to be received under any circumstances whatever. The people who appear daily to obtain the good offices of the institution, are of all ages, sizes, appearances and nationalities, and their complaints embrace every known malady and every imaginable sort of accident.

A COLORED justice in Alabama lately sentenced a melon-stealing darkey to receive thirty-nine lashes. "But," said he, "don't strike him on the clothes, for that would give him a right to sue you for damages—put it to him on the bare back!"

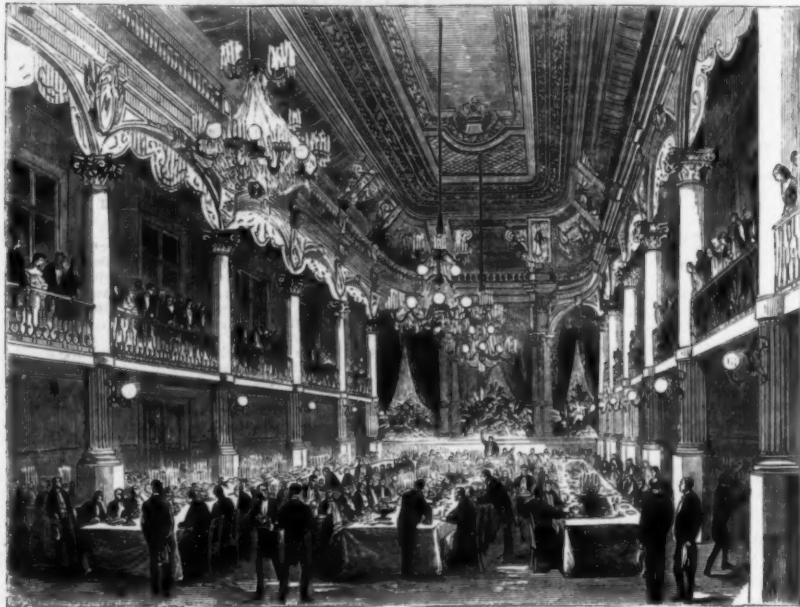
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 197.



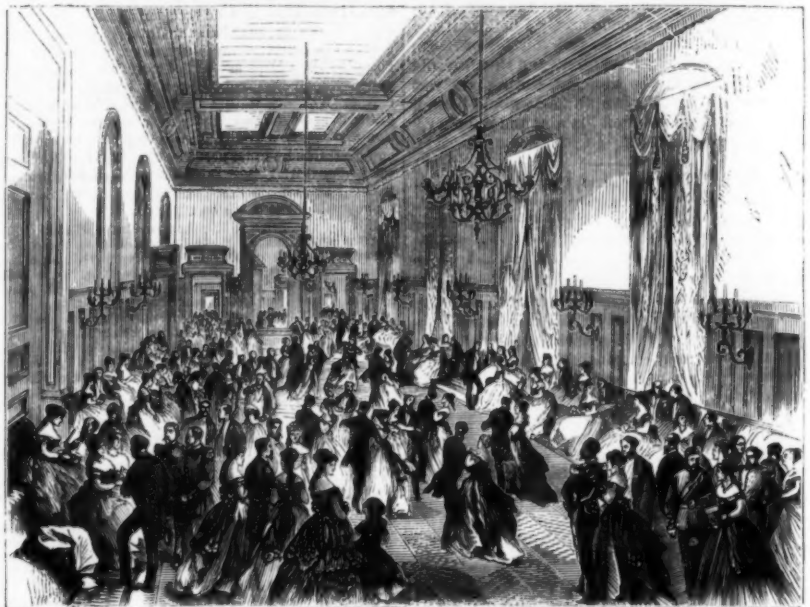
THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—INVENTORY OF THE FURNITURE OF THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.



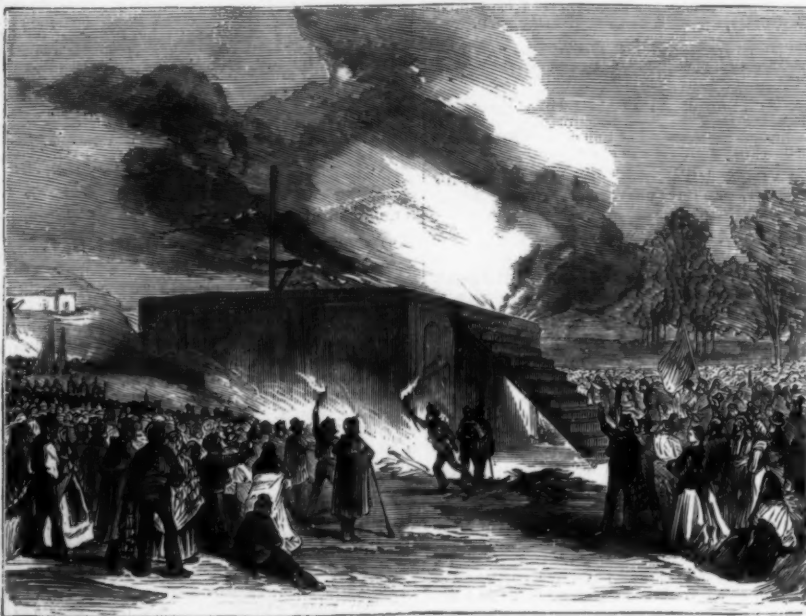
THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—A POPULAR SCENE ON THE PRADO, MADRID.



CLOSING OF THE MARITIME EXHIBITION AT HAVRE, FRANCE—BANQUET IN THE INTERNATIONAL CERCLE.



CLOSING OF THE MARITIME EXHIBITION, AT HAVRE, FRANCE—BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.



THE POPULATION OF MADRID DESTROYING THE GARROTE APPARATUS.



THE POPE'S JOURNEY TO CIVITA VECCHIA—HIS HOLINESS BLESSING THE HARBOR.



THE RACES AT BATNA, IN ALGERIA—THE START.



COSTUME OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF BARCELONA.



DON JOSE ANTONIO GARCIA Y GARCIA, PERUVIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.—SEE PAGE 203.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

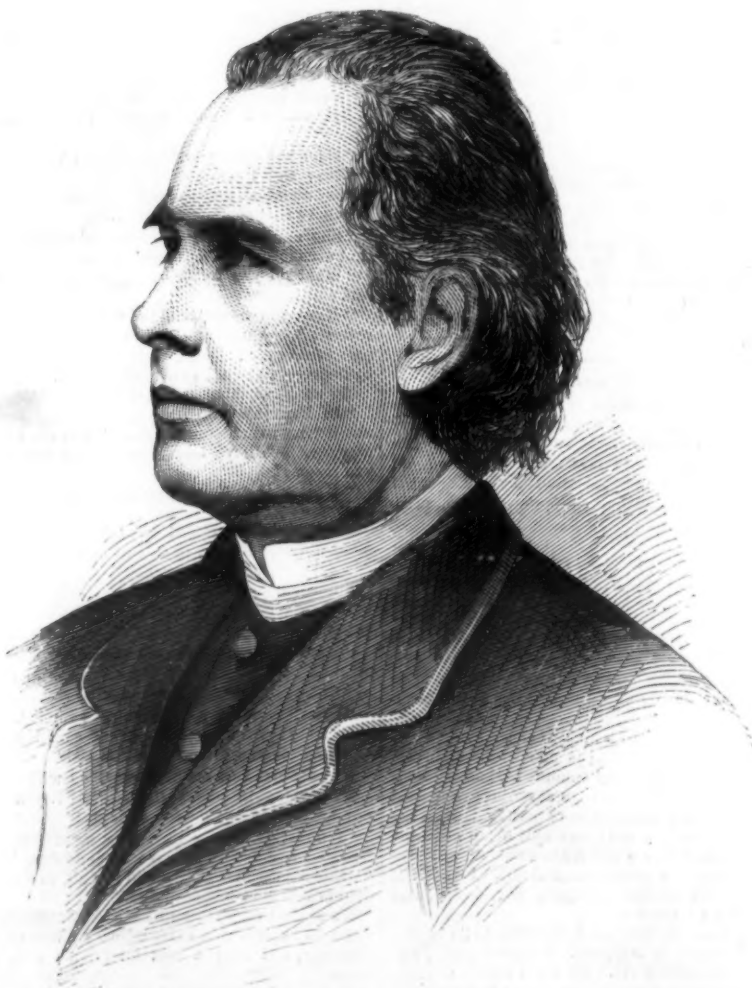
Events in Spain.

Of our four pictures in reference to the revolution in Spain, the most significant is that which represents the solemn ceremony of burning the apparatus of the garrote by the population of Madrid. That fearful instrument of death was consigned to the flames amid the

ing an inventory of the furniture of the ex-queen, and another showing the uniform of the National Guard of Barcelona, complete our complement of Spanish subjects.

Closing of the Maritime Exhibition at Havre, France.

The International Maritime Exhibition held at Havre, France, was brought to a close on Tuesday evening,



THE RIGHT REV. ABRAM M. LITTLEJOHN, BISHOP ELECT OF THE NEW DIOCESE OF LONG ISLAND.

most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. Another engraving represents a scene on the Prado upon the entrance of General Prim into Madrid. Upon a pedestal, ornamented with flowers and foliage, stood a bust of the celebrated patriot, Calvo Anson. This improvised monument was placed there by the captain of a company of volunteers, and was greeted by the multitude with shouts of approbation. A picture showing a room in the palace, where a group are engaged in talk-

October 27th, after a series of brilliant fêtes. In the afternoon a very large company assembled in the Annex devoted to the exhibition of fine arts, when, accompanied with pleasing music, the awards were announced. A grand public dinner in the elegant Cercle, or club-house, followed, and in the evening a ball was given at the Hotel de Ville, in which the beauty and fashion of England and France were liberally represented.



THE LATE HENRY RIVES POLLARD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. R. REES & CO., RICHMOND, VA.

The Races at Batna, in Algeria.

The taste for horse-racing is fast establishing itself in Algeria. In October there was good sport in the subdivision of Batna. The course is situated on the plain, near the negro village. The races of the natives were brilliant affairs, but the chief interest was in the competition for the Emperor's stakes. These were won by the officers of the Sixth Chasseurs. Our engraving represents the race of natives at the start.

The Pope's Journey to Civita Vecchia.

Our engraving represents the Pope, a few moments before his departure from Civita Vecchia to return to Rome, giving his benediction to the sailors of the port and of the foreign vessels. The hardy mariners, accustomed to a life of continued peril, bent their heads with pious respect beneath the hands of the pontiff, who heard with deep emotion the wails of the gallant tars as they escorted him to the railroad station.

THE LATE HENRY RIVES POLLARD.

The circumstances attending the death of Henry Rives Pollard have been related in detail by journals throughout the country. As a matter of news, therefore, it is too late to enter into the particulars of the tragedy, and we have no desire to dwell upon a painful theme that will doubtless be repeated to the public in the course of judicial investigation. We publish an excellent portrait of the deceased, and a brief sketch of his life.

Henry Rives Pollard, when killed, was still a young man—not more than thirty-five years of age. He was the son of Major Richard Pollard, an officer in the old United States Navy. He was born in Alta Vista, Nelson county, Virginia, and was named after the Hon. William C. Rives, of Albemarle.

Soon after the commencement of the rebellion, Mr. Pollard, in company with his brother, E. A. Pollard, the Southern historian, went to Richmond, Va., where they immediately became attached to the *Richmond Examiner*, owned and edited by the late John M. Daniel.

Subsequent to the close of the war, the deceased engaged with Mr. Charles H. Wynne, a well-known book and job printer of Richmond, in the publication of a newspaper called the *Richmond Times*, which connection lasted about three months, but a severance soon ensued. Mr. Pollard then purchased the right to publish the *Examiner* from Mr. R. F. Walker, to whom Mr. Daniel willed the paper at the time of his death. The *Examiner* was continued by Mr. Pollard till about eighteen months since, when he disposed of his interest in that journal, and commenced the publication of the *Southern Opinion*, an ultra Southern pictorial weekly.

Mr. Pollard's mother was a sister of the late William C. Rives and of Judge Alexander Rives. One sister is the widow of Rear-Admiral Charles H. Bell, United States Navy, who was drowned a few months ago in the China seas; another is Mrs. Dr. Barker, of Macon, Ga.; and another is now residing in Lucerne, Switzerland. The elder brother, Edward A. Pollard, is the well-known historian and magazine writer, now resident in New York; the other is Mr. Richard Pollard, a well-known and highly-respectable citizen of Lynchburg.

The Right Rev. Abram M. Littlejohn, D. D., Recently Elected Bishop of the New Diocese of Long Island.

We publish this week an accurate portrait of the Rev. Dr. Abram M. Littlejohn, Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, who was unanimously elected Bishop of the new Diocese of Long Island, composed of the churches of Kings, Queens, and Suffolk counties, on Thursday, November 19th.

Dr. Littlejohn was born in Montgomery county, New York, on the 13th of December, 1824. He was graduated at Union College in 1845, and admitted to the disonate on the 18th of March, 1848, at Auburn, by Right Rev. Wm. H. Delancey, D. D., Bishop of Western New York. After officiating at St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, New York, one year, and at St. Andrew's Church, Meriden, Conn., for a period of ten months, he entered, on the 10th of April, 1850, upon the rectorship

of Christ Church, Springfield, Mass., where he remained a little over a year. While connected with this parish on the 10th of November, 1850, he was ordained to the priesthood. In July, 1851, he succeeded Rev. Dr. Samuel E. Cooke in the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn., at which he continued until the spring of 1856, when he accepted a call to the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, entering upon his duties at Easter.

In 1856, the subject of our sketch received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pennsylvania. In January, 1858, he was unanimously invited by the Board of Trustees to accept the Presidency of Hobart College, Geneva, New York. During a period of ten years he performed the duties of Lecturer on



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, CORNER OF MONTAGUE AND CLINTON STS., BROOKLYN.

Pastoral Theology at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn. As a member of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions, he has been prominently connected with the missionary work of the Church in this country. He is also a Trustee of St. Stephen's College, and of the General Theological Seminary, New York; a member of the Executive Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Freedman's Commission; Director of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry; and a member of the Executive Committee of the day School Union and Church Book Society. For several successive years he has been elected to the office of President of the Homes for the Aged and Orphans on the Church Charity Foundation, Brooklyn, and to that of Vice President of the Kings County Convocation for Church Extension, the Bishop of the Diocese being *ex-officio* President.

During Dr. Littlejohn's rectorship of the Church of the Holy Trinity, the growth and prosperity of the parish have been marked and uninterrupted. The paro-

chial statistics for the past eight years are as follows: Adult baptisms, 90; infant, 440; in all, 530; confirmations, 424; communions added, 680; present number, 890; marriages, 242; burials, 247; and the amount of contributions, \$260,000. A debt of about \$65,000 encumbered the parish of Holy Trinity when Dr. Littlejohn assumed the rectorate in 1860. In the outset he asked for \$10,000 toward this debt, and it was given; and in January, 1863, he secured \$20,000 more. In December, 1867, the spire, which had remained unbuilt for twenty years, was completed and paid for, the church being free from debt. So, whether as a scholar, a preacher, or a thoroughly executive business man, or all combined, he presents eminent qualifications for the high and holy office to which the Church exalts him.

The large building known as the Church of the Holy Trinity stands on the most elevated portion of Brooklyn Heights, and, with the chapel and rectory, covers eight lots of ground: the church facing on Clinton street, while its south side and the fronts of the chapel and rectory are on Montague street.

The material used in construction is red sandstone, taken from the neighborhood of Haverstraw, on the Hudson. The style is decorated English, with flamboyant tracery. The church has an engaged tower, 284 feet in height, nave, north and south aisles, chancel in the extension of the nave, and a sacristy on the north side. The edifice was commenced in April, 1844, the foundations being laid in the most secure and substantial manner. The chapel was opened for public services on Trinity Sunday, June 7th, 1846; and the church, April 25, 1847, under the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. William H. Lewis. On November 27, 1851, the church was duly organized, and was admitted into union with the Convention, September 30th, 1852.

PARTED ONCE.

So we two clasp hands once more, Jamie,
Though our youth long since has passed;
And none are by to sever us now—
Do you mind when we parted last?
Do you mind the tears we shed, Jamie,
The tender embrace that clung?
We can look back now with a pity strange
On the grief when we were young.

But the burnie that trickled then, Jamie,
Has grown to a river deep,
And none can bridge o'er the dark wide gulf
Where the hopes of childhood sleep.
The pale ghosts stand on the shore, Jamie,
And wall o'er what might have been,
But the world and its waves of greed and care
Too long have rolled between.

They said we were idle bairns, Jamie—
Too young to meet toil and pain;
Do you think, in the City of Heaven, we two
Shall be children once again?
And should we have been worse off, Jamie,
Had we risked that toil and care,
And learned high lessons of love and faith,
And helped each other to bear?

There is gold on this withered breast, Jamie,
And gems in this thin, gray hair;
But, oh! for the gowans you plucked me then,
In my tangled looks to wear!
You have lands in the far-off East, Jamie,
And ships on the treacherous sea;
Ah! who can restore the treasures of youth,
And love to you—or to me?

VIERGIE.

BY MARIO UCHARD.

XXIV.

THERE are some trials which humanity has sometimes to undergo, which are so terrible that they produce insanity. The reading of this letter was such a shock to me, that, for a moment, I was struck with perfect stupor. I was compelled to read it all over again, to assure myself that I was not the victim of some hallucination. All at once an idea entered my mind, sudden and rapid as a gleam of light. This was merely a test on her part, an expiation which she exacted from me. She had written in this manner to punish me for my cowardly hesitation—for my doubts. She wished to assure herself that I loved her sufficiently never to falter in my faith, to believe in her in spite of her own words. I jumped up to run and throw myself at her feet. I stopped on the threshold—suppose she had really written the truth—that she had really spread an infamous snare for me!

What would be the result of our interview? I wished to be calm, for I felt that in my then state of mind I might raise a barrier between us that could never be removed.

For the past three months I had been dragged in such a current of strange events that I can no longer see things in their natural light. This letter was so extraordinary; so unreal!

How shall I explain to you, Rene, my aberration of mind? Must this shameful and blind passion, which, after such a fall, still lured me on by the shadow of a hope, be called cowardice? I was too much agitated to bear this uncertainty long. I must face my danger. I would go to Viergie at once.

When I entered her room she was standing near a window gazing out on the park. On hearing the sound of the door opening, she turned round, and remained pale and silent before me. If I had found her with tears in her eyes, I should have unfolded her in my arms. Her haughty and unyielding attitude chilled me.

Without uttering a word, I pointed to her open letter which I held.

"You have read it?" she asked, in scarcely an intelligible voice.

"Yes; and if you mean it as a test of my love, I can only say it is a cruel one."

"A test! You must acknowledge that this would be a very strange one."

"What! you do not mean to tell me that all this is real? that what you say in this letter is a sincere resolution on your part?"

She hesitated a moment, but, recovering her assurance, said:

"My irrevocable resolution?"

She uttered these words in such an exceedingly bold tone, that my indignation, which had only been kept back by a strong effort of my will, suddenly burst forth.

"You are mad!" I exclaimed; "stark, staring mad!"

She glanced at me with a defiant air. I was afraid of my anger.

"Come," said I, controlling myself by a determined effort, "all this is sheer madness. You cannot have reflected upon the result of such a course of action on your part. Some one has been influencing you, by working on your imagination. The jealousy you have felt on Genevieve's account has misguided you. It is not possible that you have been feigning love up to the present time. Viergie! at this moment you are ruining our happiness forever—making our future lives a miserable blank. Marulas has been deceiving you, in order to serve some shameful purpose of his own. You may not believe this now, but as sure as I speak, you will find it to be the truth. Listen to me, I conjure you! In spite of this sudden check to our happiness, we can still save ourselves. We are now bound together; nothing should separate us. You have yielded to an error, the result of which you have not taken properly into consideration. Viergie, I will try to forget this hour of delirium."

"I thank you, Jean," she replied, "but it is too late. What has transpired can never be effaced. We are both too proud to forget. I am frank, for I confess that I have loved you. You have said, and considered it as one of my charms, that I am wild and untamed. Even if my mother's misfortunes did not rise up like a barrier of fire between us, I could not conceive of love without the complete abandonment of myself to him I loved. The man I loved would be my master; I would serve him on my knees, but a vulgar submission, a cold resignation, would seem a profanation of myself, after what has passed between us. You have killed my love by humiliating me. All my resolution, all my strength, are in the words—I love you no longer!"

"So," I exclaimed, "all those protestations, all those oaths, those avowals, were nothing but falsehoods! Our marriage was nothing but a snare, by which you might acquire a name, and a fortune!"

"You forget that Sir Clarence is as noble and as rich as you are."

"But have you reflected on the consequences of this resolution on your part?"

Oh, I know that I run a terrible risk!" said she, in a perfectly calm tone; "but this danger is now past, since you did not kill me at once. Now that you have had time to reflect, I have nothing more to fear; your name will prevent exposure."

I was once more afraid of the anger which I felt boiling within me.

"And will you allow me to ask how you intend to bear my name?" said I, in a tone of irony.

"Oh, reassure yourself on that point!" she returned, in a haughty tone. "I am proud enough not to descend from the height I have attained."

"Have you reflected how our future life is to be passed?"

"I confess to you my ignorance on that subject," she replied. "In any event, the future depends on yourself. With the exception of remaining the possessor of myself, I shall be in the eyes of the world and our servants, your wife, and if you exact it, your friend."

"You are decidedly mad!" I exclaimed. "So, when, with my heart full of love, I formed with you plans of happiness for the future, you deceived me! You really hoped that I should submit to this incredible position of a dupe, and that, your ambition or your revenge satisfied, we should arrange our household so that you would be my wife only in name!"

"Oh, I was not so credulous as to suppose that you would accept such a life! I foresaw the issue of our marriage. I have received from you all that I wanted. I am now ready to assist you in everything that may be necessary to keep up appearances, and not to draw down scandal on the name of Chazol, which has now become mine."

"Enough! enough! wretched woman!" I exclaimed, really terrified at this extraordinary perversity, which I now saw for the first time without a mask. "You have destroyed forever all hope of reconciliation. Your vengeance is, indeed, complete; but you were wrong to inflict it on me."

Do not expect, my dear friend, that I can detail to you the wandering of my reason, the struggles of my heart, during this week of torture through which I struggled against madness. After the violent emotion which this scene produced, I tried to collect my thoughts—to become calm.

I could not believe in her insane resolution. How could I possibly imagine that she would persist in this terrible revenge, which would shatter her life and mine? Led away by those superstitions of which I had already had a thousand proofs, she was doubtless in dread of some threatening phantom, who was standing ready to punish her for a love which seemed to her to be a sacrilege.

Should I not myself accomplish our ruin by pursuing some extreme course of action which would render our misfortune irreparable? Perhaps it might only be necessary to pacify her exalted imagination. It might be possible to make her yield by tenderness.

Rene, after having cursed her as the vilest of creatures, I dragged myself suppliant at her feet. My love was like the Shirt of Nessus; it devoured me. Haughty and implacable, she burnt me with her glances; her breath intoxicated me, her beauty fascinated me. I implored her with tears in my eyes; I fancied that she was moved, yielding and ready to give way; then, suddenly,

as if struck by terror, she escaped from my arms, and overwhelmed me by these words:

"I do not love you! I do not love you!"

She uttered them with such violence that she might the better strike me to the heart and dig an abyss between us.

It was in such scenes as these that my pride humiliated itself. I really thought that I should go mad with grief. I know not by what miracle I am now alive, for, on two occasions, I had resolved to put an end to her life and my own. Rene, it was only the excess of her contempt that restored me to reason by annihilating all hope in my degraded heart.

You tremble at what is to come—do you not? For you know that I am not the man to submit to such degradation.

At the end of a week of this delirium—I lived a whole week in this manner—one evening, after leaving her, and having been again her suppliant, tired of being so long abused, terrified at finding how weak I had become, I reflected on my situation. I had the courage at last to look my disaster in the face, and to see what there was left me to hope for.

Everything was really lost to me—happiness, dignity. There was now no hope for me, for, could I even conquer her disdain, I should be only an object of pity in her eyes. I even felt contemptible in my own sight. I had fallen into a snare—there was no issue from it, no resource. The law even was powerless to break the yoke to which I was riveted, if I dared to appeal to the courts and expose myself to public scandal. I recalled to mind a strange lawsuit which, you, too, may recollect, in which an honest man, in a situation similar to mine, after three years pleaded in vain the nullity of his marriage. For three long years had he submitted to this torture. The court decided that the marriage was indissoluble. I was chained down forever in the same manner. This woman, who despised her vows before man and before God, had the right to keep the name she had stolen. Impious derision! She might become an adulteress, and her children would be mine—such is our code!

I deliberated a long time, with troubled brain and lacerated heart, distracted with rage and love. I adored her, and was terrified at the thought of living without her. She had become my life, my breath, my soul. The very violence of my despair saved me. I was ashamed of my weakness; the cup of bitterness, too long full, overflowed at last. Instead of being a victim, I became a judge, and I condemned her.

One evening, then, I gave orders to my valet to prepare for my departure at daybreak. You know, Rene, how pitilessly I always carry out anything on which I have resolved. In the middle of the night, when all were asleep in the chateau, I left my chamber and reached my wife's apartment noiselessly. Her door was fastened, but I had the key of another door communicating with the library, by means of a passage leading to her dressing-room. I unlocked the door—the only obstacle was a bolt on the inside, but it was a very frail door. Placing my shoulder against it, I pushed it open. I entered her chamber, which was feebly lighted by a night-lamp. The noise of my entrance had awakened Viergie. On perceiving me on the threshold, she uttered a cry.

At daybreak, before the servants were up, I quitted Chazol, leaving behind me this letter:

"You would not be my wife; I have therefore treated you like a master. I have reduced your pride, for, in spite of your determination, you are mine. Now, I want nothing more to do with you, after having chastised and punished you. We shall never see each other again. Your situation pecuniarily is assured. My lawyer will pay you the income to which you are entitled by our contract. If you desire to leave Chazol for another retreat, you are at liberty to do so. Only, in separating from you, I beg you to remember that you bear my name, and I advise you not to forget it."

JEAN DE CHAZOL."

XXV.

You have read, Rene, the *dénouement* of this love story—the trials and frenzy of which I have detailed so minutely. It seems to you—does it not?—that all this is but a frightful dream; that during my four months' residence at Chazol, I have been attacked by some paroxysm of madness.

Four months! All this has passed in four months. I find myself in Paris, seated at the table from which I so joyously announced my departure for La Provence. Around me are scattered all the mute witnesses of my free existence—a thousand familiar objects which I appear to have only left behind me yesterday; a book begun, letters received. It was only yesterday, and in these four days a whole destiny has been accomplished for me. Yes; all this seems only a dream, and sometimes I can scarcely believe it.

After all, what does the misfortune that has happened to me really amount to, looking at it philosophically? A strange adventure; a gallant intrigue with a creature more perfidious than the generality of her sex; the folly of an eccentric man in love with a danseuse whom he will have at any price. I love a beautiful girl. I could not possess her without marrying her—my caprice satisfied, I leave her.

No; this will not do. I might try to lie to you, but I cannot lie to myself. I adore her still, and despair is killing me. My life is a hell; at every hour, at every moment, her image is before me, and fills my mind. The recollection of that night of brutal voluptuousness, of struggle, and agony, burns me, depraves me, and intoxicates me. I see her again, trembling, distracted, conquered, weeping tears of rage. I still hear her cries, stifled by my lips.

It is cowardice and madness—is it not? And I live in this torture. I recoil from the thought of suicide. I dread that annihilation which would separate me from her.

When I arrived in Paris from Chazol, I remained for two days shut up in my own room, a prey to fever and vertigo. My uncle was still absent. I forbade my servants making my return known. Shall I tell it to you? In the agitation of my thoughts I dared still to dream of some miracle that would bring her to me, submissive and repentant. I had lost all pride; I cursed this absurd feeling of offended dignity which had snatched happiness out of my grasp. I then suddenly remembered all that separated us, and despaired of me. I was terrified at not hearing from her, and I asked myself if all was over.

At the end of the second day I entertained the strange idea that she had perhaps arrived at my aunt's, or that at least I should hear something about her. With this last hope, I called for my carriage. At nine o'clock I was at my aunt's Paris residence, the Hotel Senosan. On again seeing this domicile, which recalled to me such cruel recollections, I could not help feeling a painful presentiment.

Old Martin, frightened at seeing me at such an hour, informed me that my aunt and Genevieve were still in the drawing-room. The moment he opened the door to announce me, I heard Genevieve exclaim:

"It is he—Jean!"

I entered; my aunt and Genevieve were alone. The moment they saw me they guessed that some catastrophe had occurred.

"Where is Viergie?" exclaimed my aunt.

"Reassure yourselves," said I, alarmed at their disquietude.

"Where is she?"

"At Chazol, to be sure," I replied, trying to smile.

I had to find an excuse.

"A matter of business," I added, "called me to Paris for a few days, and I came alone."

While uttering these words, Genevieve questioned me with her eyes.

"Jean," said she, seizing my hand, "some misfortune has happened. I see it, I feel it!"

My face had betrayed the terrible grief I suffered. It was necessary, however, to explain why I had come alone. I invented a ministerial order, which had suddenly recalled me, and I spoke of being obliged to go to sea again, and very soon too. This fiction cut short all their conjectures, and turned the current of their thoughts.

Without suspecting any other cause for my appearance in Paris than that I had given, my aunt perceived that I had some communication to make, which Genevieve's presence prevented. Genevieve evidently noticed the same, for in a few moments she retired, under the pretext of a bad headache. From her appearance, and that of her mother, I conjectured that they had been very melancholy in the gay capital.

When left alone with the marchioness, I felt a moment's cruel embarrassment.

It was necessary to reveal all to her, and yet in her suffering state I must act with circumspection.

"Yes, it is a very grave matter," said I, "but I beg that you will be calm, and not allow what I have to tell you to agitate you, for I at least bring you relief regarding something that must have caused you terrible anxiety, however skillfully you may have concealed it. What I have to tell you, in short, will bring joy to your maternal heart, and render Genevieve dearer to you than ever."

"Great heavens! what do you mean?" she exclaimed. "Tell me! Quick! I promise to be calm!"

"Have you received any news from Viergie?"

"No; and I must confess I have been very uneasy about it, for it would give me much pain to believe that she is ungrateful."

"She might be so, and you need not suffer on that account while you possess Genevieve's love."

"What do you mean by that? Explain yourself."

"Have you never thought that La Mariasse's revelation might be an odious lie, told for the purpose of revenge?" said I, approaching the subject by degrees, so as not to overwhelm her.

My aunt gazed on me in a distracted manner. "In Heaven's name, speak!" she exclaimed, not daring to understand me. "You see I have courage. We have been deceived—is that what you mean?"

"I mean that Genevieve is really your daughter! I swear it!"

"Genevieve my child! God be praised! My heart did not deceive me. But how did you discover it? What has happened?"

I handed her Viergie's letter. This letter revealed everything. She could not read it without showing her horror in her face.

"The wretched girl!" said she, when she had finished. "And you, my poor Jean, who loved her with such a noble, deep love!"

"I have received a cruel blow," I replied. "I shall go to sea again. Absence and contempt will cure me. I am a widower, that is all!"

My aunt fixed on me her eyes filled with tears. "Poor Jean!" she replied. "Ah! you will never know the evil she has done us!"

"I understand how much you must have suffered on account of your maternal doubts. It is for this reason that I have told you all, that these doubts may now be dissipated."

We agreed on what we would tell Genevieve in order to explain this extraordinary result of my marriage, and after a long interview I took my leave.

As I was descending the dimly-lighted stairs, I was surprised to find myself face to face with Genevieve.

"Hush!" said she, quickly. "Mother believes I am in bed. I have been waiting for you, for I am dying with anxiety."

"You doubtless exaggerate the motive of my presence in Paris, dear Genevieve. Reassure yourself."

"Oh! you need not try to deceive me, Jean," said she, in a tone feeble from emotion. "In

Heaven's name, what is the matter? Virgie is ill, is she not? Dying, perhaps?"

"Genevieve, I assure you—" "It must be some terrible misfortune to affect you in this manner. Even now your eyes are filled with tears."

My eyes were full of tears, Rene, because, in listening to Genevieve, in looking at her, I thought I saw and heard Virgie. I did not know what reply to make, so I fled.

On leaving the hotel I dismissed the carriage. I wanted to breathe the fresh air in order to calm the tumult of my soul. I went through the Champs-Elysees, terrified at the thought of seeing Genevieve again, and again experiencing through her the same torture I had just felt. I wandered about until the middle of the night. I thought of Genevieve's questions, and that perhaps Virgie was ill—dying! What was she doing? What had happened to her since my departure? I imagined I know not what sombre drama as having transpired.

On my return home my valet handed me a letter. It bore the postmark of Chazol, and I recognized the address to be in Virgie's writing. I thought that I should fall to the earth. I sent Toby away, and was alone. I was afraid. I dared not read it. At last I tore open the envelope with a trembling hand.

This is what Virgie wrote to me:

"You are a coward. But in spite of this haughty contempt, with which you so poorly conceal your despair, you love me, and will never forget me. And if I ever desired it, I could see you again a suppliant on your knees before me. You may say that I can do nothing more. Listen to this: Genevieve adores you, and is dying of her love. It was to separate you from her that I married you."

COUNTRESS VIERGIE DE CHAZOL.

Rene, you are my brother; in this confession I lay my soul bare before you, and reveal to you my most secret miseries. That which has befallen me has so shattered my reason that it is necessary for me to review my thoughts to convince me that I am not utterly demented. Deprived of its romantic surroundings, my adventure is but one of those common incidents which I have seen pass before my eyes a hundred times—namely, a man deceived and duped by a woman. Whatever may be the nature or the consequences of his disaster, it is always the same prosaic misfortune—a more or less bitter deception, a wound that time heals.

What more can I tell you, than that I have been duped and betrayed? Yet, on receiving this letter of Virgie's—this letter so full of fury and hatred, and which will doubtless be considered by you as a new perfidy, I read only one line: "It was to separate you from her that I married you!" I had but one thought, "She is jealous of Genevieve, and she loves me!"

This idea took possession of me; at the moment of writing this I still entertain it. She loves me! I do not know myself what my hopes are. A wall of fire rises up between us, and I despise myself for wavering at this hour. There is no infamy that cannot be forgiven a mistress, but after such occurrences it is impossible that man and wife can ever live together.

You, of course, think I am mad when I tell you that she loves me; still I feel this by some inward conviction which I am certain speaks truth. But I do not dream of forgiving her, even were she to beg for it on her knees. It is, nevertheless, some alleviation of my torture to think that perhaps she also suffers. This treachery, this snare, is not entirely the calculation of blind ambition; passion, jealousy, render her revenge less vile, my misfortune less humiliating. Untutored and naturally passionate as she is, she doubtless did not realize the gravity of this extraordinary conduct which her pride prompted her to commit. You know how she has been brought up. It is gipsy blood that flows in her veins.

I guess your thought, Rene—well, yes, I am finding excuses for her. Do you not understand that my grief would be less bitter if I could convince myself that she regrets me? All is not over then. There remains between us a bond of hatred. I cannot doubt the existence of this jealousy, which I have seen manifested repeatedly, having its origin either in the superiority of Genevieve's education, which Virgie despised of ever attaining, or in the thought which had so tormented her, that there were proposals of marriage between my cousin and myself.

The idea that I am loved by Genevieve otherwise than as a brother could only arise in a jealous mind. How could she possibly believe in a secret feeling which neither a mother's eyes nor mine have discovered? I am aware that there was a time when my aunt entertained the hope of uniting me to Genevieve, and in a moment of confidence she had revealed it to me; but my cousin had never shown me any more than a sister's affection.

My aunt had confessed to me that, from the moment of Virgie's entrance into the chateau, she had guessed that we had loved each other, and she must, therefore, with a mother's instinct, have prepared Genevieve's mind against deception. Genevieve, too, was much too innocent to harbor and conceal a deep passion. The violence of Virgie's language was sufficient to show under what impression she had written. It was the last burst of impotent fury—nothing more.

This letter had at least the effect of putting an end to any uncertainty as to the course I should pursue. I saw that I must definitely decide on our relations, if it were only to formally state my resolutions, and prevent the scandal of a public rupture. I discovered by my friend's letters that my romantic and unexpected marriage had made a great sensation in our world, and my sudden arrival in Paris without Madame de Chazol would certainly give rise to remarks, if some explanation were not soon made. I am not a man to be conduced with on account of my wife's actions. It was, therefore, necessary that I should face

the storm by tracing out a path for myself which would arrest all scandal.

To begin with, I wrote to Langlade to settle definitely pecuniary matters. I announced to him that Madame de Chazol and I had agreed to separate, with the understanding that she was to enjoy the income settled on her by the marriage contract—namely, thirty thousand francs per annum. I also stated that if she desired to leave Chazol, and wished to reclaim her dower which Madame de Senozan had bestowed upon her (two hundred thousand francs, which sum was still in Langlade's hands), he was authorized to make it over to her. I begged him to see Madame de Chazol, and inform her of my intentions in these particulars.

Just as I had finished this letter, the admiral entered my room. He had just come from Brest.

"What is this they tell me?" said he, greeting me with the greatest cordiality—"that you have been here for two days, and did not let me know it!"

"I only thought of passing through Paris, my dear uncle," I replied, a little embarrassed.

"Well, well! And your wife—where does she hide herself? Call her here—Marron writes me marvels of her beauty, etc."

"She is not here. I have left her at Chazol."

"You were wrong to do so. It took me some time to get reconciled to the idea of having a woman in our household, and when I have made up my mind to it, you come here alone. Are you tired of your happiness, that you wander about Paris during your honeymoon?"

"If I have left my wife," I returned, "it is because I have separated from her for ever."

At these words he gave a violent start, and then gazed hard at me; he almost lost that superb coolness which you admire so much.

"Capital!" said he, with a caustic smile. "Go on—your manner of getting married is one that delights me."

It never entered my mind to soften matters. In spite of my uncle's railing humor, my name was at stake, and I considered it my duty to render an exact account of my conduct in an affair which he would certainly hear of from other quarters. I made a sincere confession. On hearing an account of the deception that had been inflicted upon me, he could not restrain a sarcastic smile. I then told him the particulars of the last twenty-four hours I had passed at Chazol.

"Come, come," said he, "that is not so bad. My compliments, my dear nephew, on your ability to bring about a *dénouement*."

"Don't joke, uncle, I beg of you."

"The deuce take it! would you have me sad on this theme of Hymen, which has always been a subject of jest since I have been a widower? We are bachelors again, thank God!"

"Can you blame me for a resolution imposed upon me by my dignity?"

"What can I say? We have the folly to suppress divorce on the score of morality. In any other country but France this beautiful savage (who must now be convinced that you are not to be disdained with impunity), would have learned that she was in the wrong cabin, for you would have said to her, 'You wish to be a virgin—good-day to you! I give you back your heart, and you return me my name, which I will bestow upon some one else.' This would have cut the ground from under her feet. Perhaps, after all, though, there is some advantage in the affair as it stands, for there is no chance of your relapsing, bigamy being against our laws. Your honor is safe enough—for you are one of those who will not allow the slightest levity in the conduct of their wives after leaving them."

My uncle's consolations were too much in character with his humor for me to contradict him. You know the disdain he professes for women and love. I must confess that it was a kind of relief to me to hear him speak of the affair as an adventure not worth troubling ourselves about for a moment.

No Communication.

We were closely packed (in number, thirteen of us) in the middle compartment of a second-class carriage on the Midland line, some two years ago. Our carriage was the centre carriage of a long train, and the compartments on either side were empty. The journey, from Bedford to London, was express, the pace near fifty miles an hour. We had stopped at only one little station, and we were now off on a clear run of forty miles, to be done in ten minutes under the hour, without stoppage. The oil-lamp in the roof of the carriage flickered pale and wan in the broad daylight—for it was noontide—and in the glass cup beneath, a spoonful of oil wagged and joggled and lurched about with the motion. The company was monotonous and taciturn. Being wedged in the middle of the seat between two gentlemen of enormous proportions, where it was impossible to command a window, I took to looking at this drop of wagging oil as the only available object that kept time to the jolting and swaying and clatter of the train.

Although watching the drop of oil intently, and noting the lively interest it seemed to evince in our progress—leaping forward as we ran whish-sh past a station, or vibrating as cr-r-r-sh-shoot we shot by another train—I was aware of the wainscoted woodwork round it and the painted oak shingle that seemed to dance and quiver with our motion. I saw it without looking at it. What surprised and puzzled me, however, was this: my eyes told me the pattern of the wainscot was changing. New shingle seemed to rise up and swallow up the old, and then the whole appeared to rise and fall in tiny waves. The solution my mind suggested was, that I had biologized my sight, the oil-lamp serving as a disk.

My fellow-passengers began to talk. I heard them; my eyes were still fastened on the jolting drop of oil, which was beating time to a tune that

engine, carriages, and rails, were playing in my head.

"Anybody smoking?" a deep voice said, snappishly.

It seemed there was not.

"Then something is burning," another voice said.

"It's only the guard putting the breaks on," some one else explained.

I knew this was not so; our pace was unchanged; we had thirty more miles to run before the breaks would be put on. I saw why the pattern on the wainscot changed. The paint rose up in great blisters, and the smell of burning paint became powerful. The roof was on fire! Fearing to alarm the rest by an outcry, I momentarily scanned the faces of the passengers, who were loudly complaining of the smoke. I was trying to find a face that had a quiet spirit of help in it. I saw in the corner a calm-faced man of thirty, caught his eye, and pointed to the roof; for his was the only face in which I had confidence. I was right.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, addressing the passengers and pointing; "it is there—the lamp; it has just caught the woodwork a trifle; there is no danger; I am an engineer, and will stop the train."

Looking up, we all saw a brown blistered cloud spreading over the roof, and heard the hissing and crackling of burning wood. The carriage quickly filled with smoke, and became very hot for the fire was fanned by a fifty-mile-an-hour blast.

"Do as I do," the engineer-passenger called to me, flinging me his railway key.

I got to one door, and opened it, as he had done the other. Leaning out of the carriage, the engineer-passenger then gave a long shrill whistle, produced with two fingers against his teeth, harsh and grating almost as a railway whistle. I imitated him as I best could, and by incessantly slamming the doors on both sides we kept up such a tattoo as one would have thought could not fail to attract the attention of the guard, or the driver, or both. But five minutes passed, and we had not even made ourselves heard in the next carriage. Meantime tongues of fire were darting through the roof, and the volumes of hot, pungent smoke became almost insupportable. The rest of the passengers appeared utterly bewildered; crouching together on the floor and against a draft of the doorways for air, feebly crying at intervals:

"We are on fire!" "Fire!" "We shall be burned alive!"

Two wished to jump out and risk certain destruction rather than burning or suffocation; but we kept the doors.

The engineer made a good captain; he found them something to do.

"Use your voices, then," he cried; "shout away; but altogether. Now!"

And every one shouted "Fire!" with a will, and we resumed banging the doors. We had made ourselves heard at last in the next carriage, but the occupants were powerless to help us, and did not even know the cause of our dismay. As to communicating with the guard, it was simply hopeless.

Ten minutes had gone since first we saw the roof blister. We had twenty good miles to run, and the daggers of flame were leaping far down from the roof.

"Don't be afraid," said the engineer; "if we can't get the guard to help us, we'll help ourselves."

He tied handkerchiefs to umbrellas and sticks, and gave them to two passengers to wave out of window to attract attention at the next station we shot past; some one might see our condition, and telegraph on to stop us by signal. At least, it would serve to keep the passengers quiet by finding them employment, which was a great point. Then he said, turning to me:

"Whatever is the cause of the fire, it is something on the roof, and not the roof itself. Will you climb the roof on one side, while I do the same the other? Only mind and get up to windward to clear the flames."

We each set a foot on the door-rail, caught hold of the luggage-rod and swung ourselves up on the roof that was dashing along and pitching and tossing like a wild thing in a whirlwind. We could only kneel, for the rush of wind at the pace we were going would have carried us away had we stood up. The crash, the rattle, the swaying, the cutting draft, and the arches we shot through, that seemed to strike us on the head and make us cower down as we flashed by, the dazzling rails and the swift sleepers flying past in a giddy cloud, took my breath for the moment. But the engineer was busy cutting adrift, with his pocket-knife, a flaming pile of tarpaulins which the lamp had kindled, and which the wind was now drifting away in great pieces of fire along the line. I helped him with my knife and hands, and between us we quickly had the worst of the burning mass over in the six-foot way. The roof, however, was still burning badly, the fire eating out a large hole with red and angry edges that flickered fiercely in the draft. With the aid of bits of the unburnt tarpaulins, we managed to rub these edges and stifle and smother out the worst of the fire, until the occupants of the carriage had really very little to fear.

Whether the guard or the engine-driver observed us on the carriage-roof and so pulled up the train, or whether the handkerchief signals of distress were seen at some station whence the station-master telegraphed to a signalman to stop the express, I never ascertained; but as soon as the fire was well-nigh subdued, the train slackened and stopped. And I well remember that while the officials were busily engaged in drenching the now empty carriage with buckets of water, a director, who happened to be in an adjoining carriage, very severely reprimanded us for what he told us was an indolent offense, namely, leaving a train in motion. As we stood

there with blackened faces and black blistered hands, it scarcely occurred to us to make the obvious defense that, in an isolated compartment, without any possible means of communication with the guard, we had had no alternative but to choose between burning, and breaking the company's rules. I do not know the engineer-passenger, and I have never seen him since, or I would have exchanged congratulations with him on the company's having had the merciful consideration not to take proceedings against us.

Marketing by Torchlight on Eighth Avenue, New York City.

For some weeks preceding Christmas a holiday sentiment seems to take possession of our communities, and the destruction of rich viands is greater than at other times. The season appears to be accepted by epicures as a fit one for the gratification of their appetites, and wonderful is the consumption of fat turkeys, and other delicacies of the table. As a consequence of this disposition of the public to eat and be merry, the markets present an unusual aspect of activity.

Our engraving represents a marketing scene by torchlight on the Eighth avenue, in New York city. It may be witnessed on Saturday evenings for a month preceding the holidays, but on Thanksgiving Eve and Christmas Eve the excitement is at its height, and the Eighth avenue, from 30th to 50th street, is ablaze with the torches of vendors, and crowded with market vehicles, about which the eager buyers assemble in noisy but good-natured confusion.

A CALIFORNIA SUNDAY.

DAVISVILLE, when we arrived there, presented an animated picture of Sunday in the country à la California. All around the hotel, to every tree, post, and fence rail available, were tied saddle horses. These animals were of every grade and description, from the most common Spanish mustang, worth \$25 to \$30, to magnificent full-blood or half-bred Morgans, from the finest imported stock, worth \$200 to \$300, and all rigged out in Mexican saddles, with high pommels and cantles, trailing tapers, and gaudy scarlet or blue blankets, and huge Spanish bits, which the horses chew up and rattle, keeping up a constant irritating noise, as they stamp and fight the flies which swarm around them. The horses belong to the farmers, or ranchmen, who have come into town to spend the Sabbath. The hotel is crowded, and the heat and flies make it anything but a pleasant resort. On the veranda stand huge baskets of purple figs, blue and white grapes, huge, ripe, and delicious, great, juicy peaches, etc., etc., placed there for everybody to help themselves, free of charge. We feel a few of the figs, and lazily swallow the rich saccharine pulp, munch a few of the rich Muscats and Hamburgs, then stroll over to the great building on the other side of the road to see what is going on.

Here the scene is peculiarly Californian. At one corner of the building outside, under a bench, a ragged, dirty specimen of the genus "bummer" sleeps the deep sleep of intoxication. A little way off, under a bush by the roadside, we see another of the same species in like position and condition.

"I have a son in California, I believe, though he never writes now," says a fond mother in New England.

"My husband is in California, but he must have had bad luck lately, for he has not sent me a dollar for years!" says an anxious-looking, care-worn wife in the West.

Could that fond, trusting mother and wife see those miserable wrecks of humanity, filthy, stinking, bleary-eyed, and covered with flies and vermin, lying there like hogs in their wallows to-day, think you they would recognize in them the beloved son, the adored and trusted husband of their hearts? God help them, I hope not! The saloon is filled with a motley crowd of ranchmen, who are singing loud and not over decent songs around the bar, and calling for round on round of liquors, each treating all hands in turn, and throwing down the coin on the counter with an energy intended to indicate an utter recklessness of the amount of the bill.

Outside the door sits a swarthy Mexican, dealing monte, and a crowd of his countrymen, native Californians, domesticated and half-civilized Digger Indians, Americans and Europeans are watching the game, betting away the earnings of weeks, perhaps months or years, with an air of quiet indifference refreshing to see. Inside there is a faro bank in full blast; the dealers, and most of the patrons being Americans, and half-a-dozen tables are surrounded by Northwestern men engaged in playing draw-poker, or fifty cent ante.

"Dog gone my buttons, of this ain't my game! I kin just win every time," says a tall, dirty Pike.

Behind the chairs of one poker-playing party, I see Colonel Crocker, of the *Call*, whilom correspondent of the *Tribune* for China, and Gross, of the *Chronicle*—both old Illinois men by-the-by—standing, hat in hand, in reverent silence, watching the game. The players drunk and swear quietly and without ostentation, but bet their money as if they did not care whether they won or lost, merely doing it to pass away the time.

As we stand looking on, one of the players gets a strong hand and stands it pat. All the rest, save one, pass out, and that one draws to three queens and gets another. No. 1, carelessly shoves up five dollars in half dollars. No. 2, with four queens in his hand, sees him and raises him five dollars. They call their hands "flush" and "four," and the man with four queens lastly rakes down the insignificant sum of \$12.50. As he does so, Gross, unable to conceal his emotion, groans so audibly, that the bar-tender, impressed with the idea that he has an attack of the cholera morbus, without waiting to be asked, gets a tumbler on the counter, jerks a spoonful of extract of Jamaica ginger into it, and asks with sympathetic anxiety:

"Whisky or brandy, stranger?"

As for Crocker, who knows the game thoroughly, his face is purple with rage, and he walks out of the building ready to burst with indignation. He cannot speak a word, but as he makes a bee-line for the cars, he swings his huge hickory cane whack, whack, whack, right and left, against fences, bushes, and tall dust-laden weeds, until he is enveloped in a cloud such as could only be raised by a first-class tornado in the West. What could be said in defense of a people who would tolerate in their midst a creature in the form of a man who will sit playing draw-poker through all the long summer holy Sabbath day, covered with flies and sweating like a coal-heaver, and only raise his opponent five dollars, when he has four queens in his hand and the other fellow stood his hand pat? Manifestly not a single word. I took my hat and coat, shook the dust of Davisville off my feet, and walked silently and sadly to the cars. Not one of that little party of representatives of the press spoke a word until we reached the steamer and sat down to dinner as we returned down the bay of San Francisco.



BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS—MARKETING BY TORCHLIGHT—A NIGHT SCENE IN EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 199.

The Philadelphia Murder—The theory sustained by the Coroner's Jury illustrated, with correct drawings of the premises.—From sketches by Jas. E. Taylor.

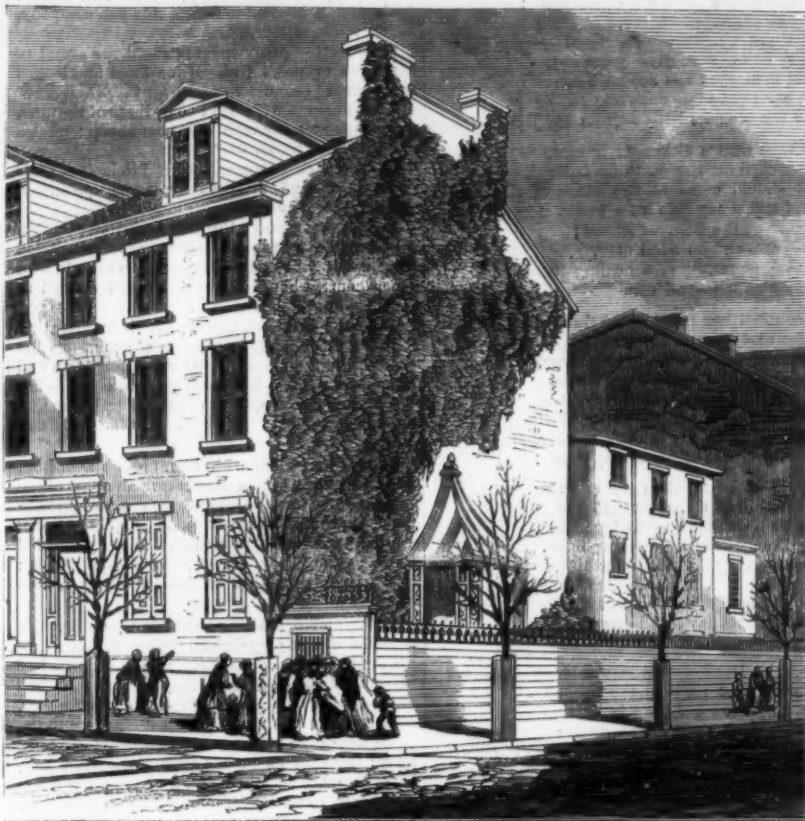
The Murder of Mrs. M. E. Hill, at her Residence in Philadelphia, November 22d.

WHEN deeds of crime are committed that, owing to the social position of the parties, or other peculiar circumstances, create a general and unusual excitement in our communities, we endeavor, as far as possible, to illustrate the remarkable features of such



CAMILLA TWITCHELL, THE ALLEGED MURDERESS.

deeds: not to gratify a morbid curiosity, but to teach society its painful lesson of how treacherous and dangerous is the current of vice and passion that stealthily flows even where we might imagine that wealth and luxury would disarm temptation. To that end, our artist has sketched several scenes associated with the murder of Mrs. M. E. Hill, and using careful drawings of the premises, and the portraits of the actors in that terrible



THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARY E. HILL, THE MURDERED WOMAN, N. E. CORNER OF TENTH AND PINE STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

drama, in connection with the theory of the murder suggested by the evidence at the coroner's inquest, and upon which the jury based their verdict, we give a series of engravings showing as far as possible the frightful details of the crime.

From the Philadelphia *Esquire* of the 23d of November, we copy the following extracts in regard to the murder:



GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, JR., THE ALLEGED MURDERER.

"A diabolical crime, rivaling that of Anthon Probst in atrocity, was perpetrated last night (November 22d), in the large and rather imposing edifice at the northeast corner of Tenth and Pine streets. An old lady named Mrs. M. E. Hill, was shockingly and brutally murdered, and then thrown from a second-story win-



THE SITTING-ROOM OF MRS. HILL'S RESIDENCE—TWITCHELL STRIKING THE FATAL BLOW.



THE EXTENSION ROOM—TWITCHELL THROWING THE BODY OUT OF THE WINDOW.



THE BACK YARD—SARAH CAMPBELL, THE SERVANT-GIRL, DISCOVERING THE BODY.



THE KITCHEN—THE ARREST OF TWITCHELL AND HIS WIFE.

down into the yard, where her body was found lying by a servant who had gone outside for the purpose of closing the windows. To aid us in our account of this crime, we will first give a general description of the building, which is three stories in height, fronting on Tenth street. On the south side, and adjoining Pine street, is a side yard about twenty feet in width, running the entire length of the house, which backs up against the first one on Pine street, below Tenth. The front building is divided into two rooms on each floor, and the back one is similarly divided. The floors of this part of the dwelling are considerably lower than those of the front. You enter the front door on Tenth street, and entering the hall, walk back some distance before you reach the flight of stairs which ascend to the second story. Passing around the stairs, you descend a few steps and enter the kitchen, the rear door of which opens into the wash-house, the side of which is composed of blind-work. Immediately outside the door of this apartment is where the body was picked up.

"Returning to the main hall, you ascend to a landing which directly faces the door of the dining-room, which is a double compartment, the partition being folding-doors. The main apartment is about twenty-five feet long, by sixteen feet in width. Between two windows which face Pine street is an old-fashioned and very much worn sofa. At its head, and alongside the westernmost window, is a rocking-chair, on which, undoubtedly, the murderer sat when he struck the first blow. The smaller apartment has a window facing on Pine street, and within a few feet of the Pine Street House. The back room in the front building is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George S. Twitchell, Jr., the latter being the daughter of Mrs. Hill by a gentleman named Price. The deceased occupied as a sleeping-room one of the apartments on the third floor.

"As to the particulars we have been able to glean, the following show a train of circumstances which will undoubtedly place the son-in-law and his wife on trial for their lives.

"At nine o'clock in the evening Sarah Campbell, the servant, left a friend's house at Seventeenth and Lombard streets, and walked to the house of Mrs. Hill, where she rang the bell for a long time before the door was opened. Mr. Twitchell performed that office, and seeing who it was, said, 'Sarah, is that you? I wonder where mother is?' She responded to this that she did not know, and thanked him for letting her in. She then entered the kitchen, and after putting coal on the fire, went through the wash-house into the side yard, where she was horrified at finding the dead body of Mrs. Hill lying. Crying out for Mr. Twitchell, he came out and said, 'Let's carry her in.' The body was taken into the kitchen, when he called for water with which to wash her. Her head presented a frightful spectacle, being covered with blood, and after that was partially removed, fearful and ugly gashes and wounds were revealed. He said, 'She's dead.' Sarah ran into the street, and met Policeman Howard, of the fifth district, on the pavement, to whom she stated what she had seen. That official entered the house, and was informed that the deceased had fallen from the window in the back apartment of the dining-room, and directly under which she was lying.

"Knowing very well that such frightful wounds could not have been received by a fall, he immediately placed Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell under arrest, and then called in some of the neighbors, some of whom he directed to go to the station at Fifteenth and Locust streets. A detail of men was immediately sent to the scene, and word telegraphed to the central station. Detective Warnock then being on duty, repaired to the house, and after conversing with the alleged murderer and wife, and examining the place, directed Twitchell to be taken to the station, and confined Mrs. Twitchell to her room under guard of the officers.

"The theory of the murder is this: That the deceased was lying on the sofa on her left side, evidently asleep, her head resting on the upper end of the pillow. Her murderer was sitting on the rocking-chair, which is evinced by the presence of ashes on the window sill. He raised the deadly weapon (a poker which was found in the room, covered with blood and hair), and with tremendous force drove the tongue end into her right temple, causing a wound one inch and a half by two inches. Into this orifice this morning the examining surgeon put two fingers their entire length. Then it was that the blood spattered all around, not only marking the surroundings, but also staining the clothing of the murderer. The victim awoke but for an instant, and, rolling around on her face, the blows were piled thick and fast on the back of the head. It was at this time that the servant rang the bell, and the length of time which she was waiting at the door shows that the fiend was nonplussed as to what should be done with the body. After cogitating for a time, he concluded to throw her from the window, which would set up a theory that she had fallen to the pavement. This was accordingly done. He then ran into his bedroom, threw off his vest and overshirt, and then answered the bell.

"Mrs. Twitchell is the daughter of Mrs. Hill by a former husband named Price, and is about thirty-five years of age. Her father was a poor man, and on his death some years ago, her mother married Mr. Hill, a wealthy gentleman. Mrs. Twitchell, then a fine-looking woman, became acquainted with Mr. George S. Twitchell, Jr., with whom it is alleged that she was on terms of intimacy that should exist alone between husband and wife.

"Mr. Hill died and left his property in such a way that his widow could reap the entire benefit of it up to the time of her death, on which event it would revert to his family. This would cut off the daughter without a dollar. Some few years ago, it is also said that Twitchell Sr. abandoned the daughter, and she then married Twitchell Jr. They then lived with Mrs. Hill, at No. 319 South Ninth street, until about three months ago, when they removed to the house at Tenth and Pine streets.

"Mrs. Hill having the means at her disposal, desired to purchase the property, and directed her son-in-law to negotiate for it. The transaction culminated in the purchase of the dwelling, the deeds being drawn up and the money paid over. A few days since, the fact that the deeds were in the name of Mrs. Twitchell, and not in the name of Mrs. Hill, came to light. The latter consulted counsel, who had advised a suit for the purpose of recovering the property.

"A criminal prosecution was also talked of, and it is now believed that these facts having come to the knowledge of the daughter and son-in-law, they concerted a scheme of doing away with the old lady, who was the only obstacle in the way of their retaining possession of their ill-gotten property."

The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to her death at the hands of George Twitchell and his wife Camilla. They were both committed for trial.

Reform.—Household Suffrage is a conclusion which follows from almost any premises.

"IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING."

I stood by the couch of my darling,
And watched the light in her eyes;
I held her fevered fingers,
And echoed her softest sighs.
But the time wore wearily onward,
Till it marked the sunset hour,
And the light went out from my darling's eyes,
As the bloom goes out from the flower.

Ah! then with a sickening tremor,
I watched for the soothing balm
That should come at the hands of the healer,
And shield my love from harm.
It came at the hour of sunset;
A grave, and an aged man,
Who held the gift of a healing hand,
As far as a mortal can.

He counted her pulses that fluttered
Like wild imprisoned birds;
And then, with a glance to heaven,
He spake these cheering words:
"It will all be right in the morning."
Oh! skill of a learned leech,
Those words, to my worldly hearing,
What a world of hope they reach!

"It will all be right in the morning."
I murmured them through the night,
As I watched her heavily breathing,
And longed for the coming light.
It came with its golden sunshine,
And I turned to my darling's bed,
To kiss her lips as a welcome,
But I found my loved one dead.

Dead! Dead with the morning's coming,
Dead! Dead with the words on my ear,
"It will all be right in the morning."
And now but her form is here.
Oh! heart, in thy wild resistance
At the stern decree of the Lord,
Rebelling to part with an atom
From out of thine earthly hoard!

"It will all be right in the morning."
It was truth the wise leech spoke,
And in the heavenly sunshine
My darling one awoke—
Awoke from a dream of sorrow,
To dwell in the far-off lands,
Where, if all be right in the morning,
Once more I shall clasp her hands.

Under Sentence of Death.

It was three o'clock on a fine warm afternoon in the latter end of April. The garden at the rear of the comfortable, whitewashed, thickly-thatched cabin, was abundantly stocked with early cabbage and potatoes; everything bore the look of humble prosperity; from the bine smoke curling up the freshly-made fire on the kitchen hearth, to the green meadows where the cows were lying, peacefully ruminating. A broad river, glistening in the sun's rays, rolled smoothly beside the boundary wall of their pasture.

Yet Kate Moran stood at her father's door, looking sadly across the river to the mass of shipping, houses, and spires which rose on the other side.

"Mother, honey, I can't keep me eyes off that dreadful place!" said she, turning as she spoke, to an elderly woman who sat knitting on a bench near the fire.

"Musha, acushla, what good'll that do ye?" said she, rising and going over to the door also. "Come in, now," putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder caressingly.

"Oh, mother! To think of the poor fellow bein'—"

Here she fairly broke down and burst into a wail of distress.

"Whisht now!" cried her mother. "Here's your father comin', and don't let him see ye cryin'."

Kate ran hastily into a bedroom, as her father entered the kitchen.

"There's no chance for the poor craythur, Pat?" asked his wife, as a broad-faced, good-humored looking man came forward and sat down on the settle.

"Chance?" said he, roughly, while his face clouded. "Sorrow chance! He'll be hung as sure as I've this pipe in me hand!"

"Lord have mercy on his sowl, the craythur!" moaned his wife.

"Oh, musha! amin," said her husband, sighing. "I'm goin' in wud the cow to the fair to-morra, an' to see the last of him. It's niver I thought to see poor Mick Welsh's son on a gallus!"

The sun was setting over the opposite hill, where the tall, many-storied houses rose in terraces and steep lanes, and was shedding the last beams of his radiance on the large dark stone building which crowned the height. The red light seemed to be concentrated on one part of the building, where there was an iron gateway, spiked and double-locked. Far above in the dark massive wall was a small black door. And beneath this door and around this gateway, men were busy, putting up strong timber railings; while a crowd, talking and gesticulating, constantly pressed in upon the workmen, and were driven back by officials in uniform and a few soldiers.

Inside the massive walls, other workmen were busy, but their work was commonplace enough. Something was wrong with the great main sewer of the jail. Masons and bricklayers had been laboring for some hours; and now, when the city clocks and bells were striking six, they were taking up their tools, putting on their coats, and leaving their work till next day.

There were no rough jests among them. One man laughed as a companion slipped down into the slimy ditch whence they had emerged; but his merriment was checked by an involuntary look from the others toward the far side of the

yard, where a man in a felon's dress and manacled hands was walking slowly up and down.

"Lord have mercy on his sowl!" muttered an old mason, compassionately. "Poor Tim Welsh! As honest a boy, afore he got into bad company, as iver a father rared."

Whether the prisoner had caught the sound of his name or not, he raised his head and looked sadly toward them.

"Lord help him!" said two or three of the men, "for makin' away with one poor sheep: what a rich man had plenty of!"

An official came across the yard to look at their day's work, and after asking some questions, walked away, saying:

"Come along now; the gate is open."

So, casting a backward glance at the manacled prisoner, the men passed through an arch into an inner court, whence the great doors opened to let them out into the street.

The manacled man gazed after their retreating figures with a sigh—almost a groan—as he thought of their return to their homes, free and happy, from their honest labor, while he—the "rap, rap, rap, tap, tap" of carpenters' hammers outside beat at the thought he could not dwell upon.

There was no one with him, no one near him, but a turnkey pacing up and down an angle of the building; for in those days there was far less vigilance than now. He was not confined to his cell on this, the last day of his life, but was permitted to walk about the quadrangles of the prison; apart from the other criminals, however, and securely handcuffed.

Bitter and despairing were his thoughts. He thought of his gray-haired widowed mother, of his stalwart young brothers, of the lads he had played ball with, of Kate Moran, whom he had danced with at the fair only two months ago. Mechanically he walked across the square to the place where the bricklayers and masons had been busy: thinking as he did so, half unconsciously, how large the opening was, how long the great sewer was, and where it emptied itself. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him, making his pale thin face flush, and his fettered hands tremble with excitement. He turned sharply away lest he should excite suspicion, and loitered with his former heavy, weary step toward the doorway of the inner courtyard.

"Goin' in, are you?" said the turnkey.

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

The official stalked on before him into the adjoining square, then, opening a door, passed through a long stone corridor, and stopping before a cell-door, unlocked it.

"If you want anything, you can call," he said, graciously, through the trap in the door as he unlocked it.

"Thank ye," answered the condemned man.

If the official had been better skilled in reading faces, he might have looked to the fastening of the cell-door a little more carefully.

Tim Welsh had noticed that the bolt of the lock was very shaky, and he knew that a shaky bolt can be forced back.

It would not be dusk for a long while yet, but he could not wait; the one chance—desperate—hopeless, as it seemed—must be tried quickly.

While the turnkey's steps re-echoed in his hearing, he, still fettered, unscrewed the iron leg of his bedstead, and, stealing forward, waited until he heard the great doors at the end of the corridor clash; then, putting the leg of the bedstead between the bolt and the wall, he strove with all his strength to force it back. But it resisted, and he dared not make a noise.

In despair he replaced the leg, and sat down to recover his breath. Soon he heard another turnkey coming. He went to the cell-door and called.

"What is it? What d'ye want?"

"A drink of wather, please; I'm very thirsty."

When the turnkey had brought in the water, and retired, Welsh, who had been watching the lock, saw that, though gone to its place, it was not half as far home as before. He drank the water to cool his burning mouth and parched throat, and, seizing the iron leg again, listened as before until the doors clashed, when, placing the instrument in the old place, he—first gently shaking the bolt—gave it a vigorous blow, the sound of which was lost in the noisy echoes from the shutting doors. The bolt shot back, he pulled the door open, and peered around; returning to his bed, he replaced the leg, and made up a bundle under the clothes, as well as he could, with the aid of the bolster; then closing the cell-door softly after him, he ran lightly down the gallery to the door that opened into the yard. The key was in it; he turned the key, and glancing around for the second time, shut it after him and darted across to the arched doorway, where a sentry paced.

How to get past this soldier was the question, while he trembled in mingled horror at the sound of the "rap, rap," "rap, tap-tap" coming freshly to his ears, and the thought of probable freedom, and more probable recapture. At this moment the sentry turned back on his beat, and the prisoner, crouching in the doorway, stole swiftly along by the wall to the opposite side of the yard, and slunk in beside a buttress. The open sewer was on the same side, but further down. Trembling in every limb, he lay huddled up, not daring to move, lest he should attract attention, until the sentry turned for the third time. Then he fled along by the wall, and dropping into the sewer, crept into the darkness there.

"Safe for a while, anyhow, glory be to God!" he gasped.

But as the poor creature pushed his way onward, through the foul air, in a stooping position, with his fettered hands pushed out before him to feel his way, a deadly sickness came over him. Still the faintly glimmering prospect of escape kept him up.

Fortunately there were but few rats. Five or six times he felt them biting at his feet, from which his coarse stockings had long been out to

pieces, and heard them squeaking as they scrambled up the dripping walls.

"Will I iver smell a fresh breeze again, Lord help me!" he groaned. As he crawled along under the streets he could hear the carriages rolling over his head, and at one grating to which he came, he heard the words of a song, chorused by some men near a public-house. At length, after he had been more than eight hours on his way, he heard the rolling of the river, saw a faint gleam through the pitchy darkness, felt a faint fresh breeze from the flowing tide. A few more steps—falling in his eagerness—and the glimmer grew clearer, the breeze grew fresher, and he reached the river-bank.

It was just four o'clock, and the clear solemn light of the dawn was shed over the sleeping city; the gardens were fresh in early fruit and flowers; the noble river rippling serenely on, and the cottages, trees, and meadows lay far on the other side. Very far off they looked, and the river—cold, broad, and deep, lay between; yet the undaunted fugitive, fettered, aching, sick, exhausted, muttered another prayer, and plunged in.

The cold water gave him a temporary strength; keeping his eyes fixed on the goal of his hopes, he swam on, almost entirely by the movement of his legs and feet, as his hands were nearly useless to him.

But the bracing effect of the cold shock was soon followed by a distressing numbness. His utmost efforts barely sufficed to keep his head above water and propel him slowly onward. Slower and fainter became each stroke, and a wave of the rising tide rushed over his head, when with a gurgling moan he made a last effort and his feet touched the bottom. He now stood upright, and slowly waded to the low muddy shore, where he sank down on the sedge and sea-pinks, and swooned away.

"I must be stirrin' meself," said Pat Moran to his wife, about half-past four o'clock that morning. "I've a power to do. I've to take the cow to the fair, an' the turnip field to plow afore I go."

Just as the first beams of golden sunlight were resting on the cabin chimneys, and on the high buildings of the city hills opposite, he led his two horses from their stable to the field, by the river where the plow lay, and having yoked them, he began turning up the furrows afresh.

"It's a fine mornin', glory be to God!" he soliloquized, "on'y fer the poor sowl that's to see the last of it. Musha! What's that? Woa, thin," he cried, suddenly catching sight of something which looked like a heap of muddy clothes.

"Lord, save us!" And without losing a moment, he ran down to where the unconscious man was lying, face downward, on the sedge.

Pat Moran's first impulse was to run for help; his next, to raise the body gently and drag it further up. The motion aroused the poor, half-dead creature.

"Who, in heaven's name, are ye, an' what brought ye here?" inquired the farmer, looking in terror at the handcuffs.

"I'm—aren't you Pat Moran?"

"Yes."

"Pat, ye knew my poor father. I'm Tim Welsh, the poor fellow that's to be hanged to-day. Won't ye thry an' save me, for the love of God? I've come through the sewer. I'm all night creepin' through it, an' I swam the river, an' I'm most gone! Won't ye thry an' save me, Pat Moran, and the Lord'll remimber it to you an' your childer for iver."

"Tim Welsh! Lord be good to me. What am I to do wud ye? I'm done for, if ye found wud me, an' how can I save ye? What am I to do? Sure 'tisn't in the regard of sayin' that I wouldn't do a good turn for ye, Tim, but the country 'll be roused after ye, an' where'll I hide ye, or what 'll I do at all?" Thus groaned the farmer as he opened the little gate and led him into the kitchen, where Kate was baking a griddle-cake for breakfast.

"Father, honey! O lor! What's that?" she cried, as the tottering figure in the soaked, discolored garments came into the cheerful light of the turf fire.

"Whisht, acushla! It's Tim Welsh," he whispered. Kate sprang up from her knees, and her face grew white.

"Kate, honey, what are we to do wud him?" said her father, trembling, as he recounted the manner of Tim's escape.

"Hide him, father!" she cried, with all a woman's impulsive generosity. "The Lord pity you!" she added, bursting into tears at the sight of the wretched object before her.

"I'll do what I can, Tim. Give him a bit to ate, Katie. I'll spake to some one I can trust."

"Pat, me life is in your hands," broke in the fugitive.

"Never fear, avick. I'll do me best for ye." He hurried away a few hundred yards to the house of his landlord, a Protestant minister; he knocked furiously at his front door, and was admitted by a sleepy maid-servant.

"Somethin' I want to spake to the masher about—I'm goin' to the fair this mornin'—tell him I'm in a great hurry, af ye please."

After a minute's delay the gentleman appeared. "Somethin' very particular, sir," said the farmer, in a low voice. "About that cow you were spakin' to me, sir," he added, for the maid-servant's benefit.

"Come into my study here, Moran," said his landlord.

"Be your lave, sir, I'll shut the door," said Moran. Then walking over to the table, he put his clasped hands on it.

"Misther Raymond, I can trust you. I'm in a great hobble, sir, an' I dunno what to do at all. Misther Raymond, you was always a kind friend, and a good friend, and you'll not betray me? It's another man's saycret, an' you must give me your word, sir, else I'd be afraid to let mortal man hear me."

"Moran, if you think I can promise as a man and a Christian, I will. You may trust me, whatever it is," said Mr. Raymond.

Thus assured, the farmer unfolded his story, and begged his landlord's counsel.

"I hardly know how to advise you, Moran," said he, as soon as he could speak coherently in his astonishment. "The poor fellow will be found out, I'm afraid, in spite of all you can do, and you'll get into great trouble. Have his handcuffs filed off at all events," he went on in a low tone. "Martin Leary will do it, and you can trust him, and maybe the best you can do is to give the fugitive some of your clothes, and some food, and this." He took a guinea from a drawer. "Bury his prison clothes carefully in the manure-pit, and start him on the road to Wexford. That is all you can do safely, but be quick!"

The farmer left the house and ran on to the blacksmith's forge, where the smith and his son were getting to work.

"Martin, I'm in a great hurry, goin' to the fair, an' I want ye to run over wud somethin' to cut a chain for me; 'twon't take you five minutes. Martin you niver did a better day's work in your life if you'll come as fast as yere legs'll carry ye!" He said this in an undertone while the son's back was turned. "And whisht for all sakes!" he added, clenching his hand and shaking it at the unconscious young Vulcan; then he rushed out, leaving the father grasping a bar of iron and staring after him.

The smith, with the freemasonry that exists among the Irish peasantry, perceived that there was secrecy and trouble in the way, and that his good faith was relied on. He picked up some tools, muttered an excuse to his son, and followed, hastily.

When Pat Moran reached home, he was met at the door by Kate.

"Is he safe?"

"Yes, father; he's in the room atin' a bit."

Her father went in, and going up to his strange guest, said, "I'm goin' to do what I can for you, Tim." Then they all began discussing eagerly the best way for the fugitive to take.

"But, Lord! The whole country'll be roused after him!" broke in the farmer, dejectedly, as they suggested various lonely hill-paths and cross-cuts. "Lord! They'll root up the ground after him! I must try though, I must try. Heaven mend me! Aff I didn't lave the horses all this time, an' niver—" he ejaculated, catching sight of his forgotten team, which had dragged the plow after them to the adjoining meadow, and were grazing there.

A sudden thought struck him, and he hastily returned to the house with his face flushed. As he entered the kitchen he ran against the smith, Martin Leary, who was staring at him.

"Martin, you're thrue an' honest, I know, an' you'd do a good turn as soon as any man I know," said Pat Moran, abruptly.

"There's me hand on it, returned the smith, bringing down his black fist on the other's shoulder. In a few words he was told what was required of him, and also of the bright thought that had just occurred to Pat Moran.

"Here! Let me at it," cried the smith, enthusiastically grasping his chisel and hammer. Thereupon the farmer led him into the little room, where Kate was administering hot tea and smoking griddle-cake to the poor fellow, who ate and drank almost mechanically, with his eyes fixed on the pretty face and busy hands that ministered to him.

"Here, Tim, 's some one to do you a good turn. Hould out your hands, me boy! Peggy," turning to his wife, who was devoutly groaning and telling her beads in a corner, "go an' get me ould clothes, an' Kitty, run for that yellow clay in the kitchen-garden! Run!" She did as she was bid, and when she returned with the clay, was desired to keep out of the room for a few minutes.

"Mother, honey, what are they doing?" she inquired.

"Sorrah bit o' me knows, acushla. On'y your father has some plan in his head. Oh! Kitty, agra, I'm thrimblin' to think of the trouble he may be gittin' into. Ooh, Pat, honey, what are ye goin' to do at all?" she cried, addressing her husband, who came out of the bedroom, dressed in his best blue swallow-tailed coat, corduroys, and new gray stockings.

"I'm goin' to show this new sarvint boy where he's to plow, afore I go to the fair," said the farmer, with a wink to the two women, who stared open-eyed at the change of the condemned man with the fatal prison garb dripping with mud and sand, and fettered wrists, in a careless, easy-going looking young laborer, in a suit of well-worn and patched frieze and corduroy, dirty and clayey, with lumps of clay sticking on his brogues, a rakish "caubeen" slouched over his eyes, and a black "dhundeen" between his lips.

"Now, come on! 'Tis time you were at your work; his name's Maurice Slattery, Kate, an' he's wud us this month back!"

"Oh, father, honey! Oh, Pat, acushla!" cried the wife and daughter, with admiration.

The young man, taking the pipe from his mouth, said solemnly, "May God for iver bless you, Pat Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, and you, Kate, an' you, Martin Leary," and he grasped their hands all round.

"Come, 'tis six o'clock," said the farmer. "You know where the plow is, Maurice Slattery. You've a new piece of iron to melt, Martin. An' Kate, you've to bury them clothes. Come an' I'll show you where."

Half an hour afterward he was riding slowly to the fair on his young horse which was to be sold, casting cautious glances backward at the field by the river, where he could see his horses plowing, and his new servant boy toiling quietly after them.

Such confusion and excitement had not been known for years in the old cathedral town. Po-

lice there were none in those days; but the whole garrison had turned out in search of the escaped felon. Groups of red-coats perambulated the streets, the roads leading to the country, and even the lanes and meadows. Hundreds of country folk who had come in to see the execution, also crowded the town. The throng on the prison-hill was so dense that the farmer could scarcely proceed a step. They were all talking vociferously in Irish or English, every one giving his or her version of the wonderful story. Some declared that the prisoner had not escaped, and that it was a device of the authorities to conceal some foul play. When Pat Moran had elbowed his way with great difficulty almost to the prison-gates, he looked eagerly for the objects of his search, some of Tim's own people, whom he discovered sitting and standing together in an excited group.

"Pat Moran, d'ye bleeve this?" said one of the men, hoarsely, clutching the farmer's coat. "D'ye bleeve that poor Tim has got out of their cursed thrap?"

"John Welsh, Tim did get out!"

"Whisht! Lord save us!" they all broke in with one voice.

"Tisn't safe to say more. I'm thrimblin' that some o' them fellows wid the brass buttons will hear me," glancing toward the turnkey, dimly visible behind the iron grating; "but you, John Welsh, an' you, Mick Power, come wud a ear to-night to the cross-roads beyant the ferry, at twelve o'clock, an' there'll be a friend to see ye. Whisht, for your sows!"

The prison warders were not long in discovering by what means the prisoner had effected his escape, and from the opening, the search was carried above-ground to the mouth of the sewer where it emptied itself into the river. A venturesome spirit even crept up a few dozen yards of the black passage, but speedily returned, vowing that nothing could live half an hour in it. Nevertheless, they sought for footmarks on the river brink; but the friendly tide had been before them. Still, on the supposition that he might have lived to reach the river, and swim across, a party of prison officials and soldiers were ferried over, and marched in a body to Farmer Moran's house.

Kate was busy feeding chickens, and her mother peeling potatoes, when they both caught sight of the gleam of scarlet and white cross-belts, and heard loud tones and footsteps.

"Lord, be good and merciful to us ever more, amin! Protect and save us!" muttered Peggy Moran, dropping the potato she was peeling, and turning with a face of terror to her daughter, who whispered, without turning her head.

"Mother, darlin' don't putend anything, for all sakes. Chucky, chucky! Chuck, chuck, chuck!" she went on, raising her voice, gayly, as she scattered the food.

"Servant, sir," she said, wiping her hands and courtesying to a tall stout officer, who strode up to the door, scattering the chickens by the clanking of his spurs and sword.

"Is this Farmer Moran's, my good girl?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you his daughter?"

"Yes, sir, and this is my mother."

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Moran?" said the officer, turning to the poor woman, who was endeavoring to look calm.

"At the fair, sir—oh, sure, 'tisn't got into any harm Pat has, sir?"

"What harm should he get into—about this runaway prisoner, you mean?" said the officer, trying to startle her into some admission.

"What man, sir?" cried Kate. "Law, mother, honey! That's what the boy was telling us!"

"What boy?" said the officer, now off his guard.

"A boy, sir—oh! a ra'al little chap—a gossoon—run in here a while ago an' said the man that's to be hung's got out an' run away—an' sure we didn't bleeve him!" said Kate, with such an air of self-possession and innocent inquisitiveness that the officer was completely deceived. A boy had come in as she had said, and told the wonderful story, so she spoke the truth in that part of her assertion.

"Well, Mrs. Moran," said the officer, "you've no objection to have your premises searched, I suppose? It is suspected that the prisoner is hidden somewhere about here."

"Musha, what put that into yere heads?" said Peggy Moran, angrily. "Faith! it's somethin' else we'd be thinkin' of, an' not meddlin' wud the law; but you're welcome to sarch away, sir, as long as ye like, on'y it's a quare thing to have an honest man's house sarched like a rogue's!"

"I must do my duty," said the officer.

"Sure the gintleman won't do us any hurt, mother," said Kate. "Please don't let 'em thramp the potatoes, sir!" she called out as the men turned into the little garden.

Pat Moran's words were almost fulfilled, that the pursuers would foot up the ground in search of the fugitive. Not a bush or a hollow about the ground, not a loft or cranny in the house or out-building, but was thoroughly investigated. At last, with a sickening feeling of apprehension, Kate saw the band disperse themselves over the fields, and three soldiers run across the plowed field to question the man who was plowing.

Welsh's blood ran cold as he saw them coming; but recollecting that they did not know his face, he glanced over his shoulder and shouted in a feigned voice to the horses.

The soldiers were young and careless. They merely asked two or three questions in an irrelevant way, staring up at the sky, and down at the clay, as if they expected to discover the prisoner transformed into a spirit of earth or air. Then they ran off again; and Welsh breathed freely until he spied six other soldiers advancing toward him, with the officer in charge, and two others in dark frock coats with shining buttons and red collars.

"God help me! Sure I can only die!" he murmured.

"How long have you been plowing?" said the officer.

"Sence daybreak, sir. Woe! An' hard work I have had, every one runnin' to me sence breakfast, axin' me did I see the man that run away. Steady there!"—the laborer sulkily keeping his back toward the prison warders.

"He is supposed to have swum the river," said the officer; "and if so, and you have been here sence daybreak, he could not have got over without you seeing him."

"Sorrah hapote I see, sure, if he did; an' he must be a brave swimmer to come across that river this time o' year, sin' the wather like ice," said the plowboy, with an incredulous grin; "sure he might land down further, it's a grad'al nearer, but anyhow I see nothin'—Conshume ye, straight!" he growled at the horses, and bending double over the plow, furrowed on. The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The long day drew to a close, and when Kate came to call the plowboy to his supper, whispering that there was no one in but her father and mother, he felt as if he had lived a lifetime in the past twenty-four hours.

The farmer laughed heartily in telling some of the stories which were rife about the prisoner's disappearance. His body had been picked up four miles down the river, his clothes had been found by a turnkey under a bush, and his handcuffs had been picked up—fired half across—in a bog ten miles away.

"Faith I bursted laughin'," said Pat Moran. "when I knew that Martin Leary had 'em welded into linch-pins, an' that Katy had the clothes buried in last year's manure hape!"

So they chatted pleasantly and securely, while the rescued man sat silent from thankfulness and gratitude, only casting side looks at Kate and sighing heavily.

"Musha, man, don't be sighin'!" cried the farmer, jocosely; "you'll be kickin' up yere heels at your weddin' in Ameriky this time twelvemonth, please God!"

"No, Mither Moran, I'll never marry any one in Ameriky," answered Welsh.

Kate got up to put on fresh fuel immediately.

"Ooh, niver fear you will," replied the farmer, with good-natured obtuseness.

"Musha, Mither Moran, 'tisn't every man 'ud give his daughter to one like me," said Welsh, in a low tone.

"Arrah, Tim, agra, who'd think the worse o' you for havin' got into trouble an' got out agin'!" pursued the farmer.

"Ah, 'tisn't every one is like you," said Welsh, sighing.

"Oh, sure no one will know anything in Ameriky, Tim; 'that's where you're goin' I suppose?" said Mrs. Moran, gravely and coldly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Welsh. "I hope so."

The good woman was far more acute than her husband, and disliking the turn the conversation was taking, began to introduce other topics; but with little success, as her husband grew sleepy and stupid, Kate sat quite silent, and Welsh was sad. Thus they sat until twelve had struck, and then Welsh and the farmer rose, to walk on to the cross-roads, where the car was to be in readiness, with his relatives as convoy and body-guard.

Welsh shook Mrs. Moran's hard hand and kissed it in the fullness of his emotion, uttering broken words of gratitude and blessing. Then he turned to Kate, who was weeping silently; he strove to speak, but words failed him, and he grasped her hand passionately and turned away.

"I'll shut the gate afther ye," said Kate, following them out into the darkness. So she did, and Welsh delayed a moment, helping her to find the loop and staple, probably; though he strove to put a few hasty words together, which had no reference to the gate.

"Keep up yere heart, Kate, agra," he whispered: "I'll send ye a letter whin I got safe over, please God!"

WELSH sailed for England in a small coasting vessel, and thence from Liverpool, where he remained concealed for some weeks until the ardor of the pursuit had abated, when he embarked on board a fast-sailing vessel—for there were no steamers in those days—for America. When he landed he sought the home of a relative who had been settled in the new country for years, and by industry and strict honesty—for the dreadful lesson taught him was not wasted—he very soon became independent of his cousin, and had his own snug house and thriving farm.

He wrote regularly to the Morans; to the father first, then to the mother, and, lastly, to the daughter. When he had amassed a little money he wrote again to the farmer, telling the astonished man his hopes and wishes concerning Kate. Peggy Moran angrily declared her husband to have been blind all along—as there is no doubt he was—but she positively refused to listen for a moment to the audacious suitor. However, "time works wonders." Her violent opposition died away gradually, and Kate waited patiently. At the end of five years, her father being then dead, she and her mother departed for the land beyond the sea.

This true story was related to the writer by a gray-haired widow, an Irish emigrant who had returned, after many years, from America, to die at home. Though her form was bent by the weight of more than seventy years, her memory was clear and retentive, and her voice trembled, and her dim blue eyes sparkled, as of yore, with excitement in her recital of the perils undergone by Welsh, the lover of her youth, and the fond and faithful husband whose joys and sorrows she had shared for forty years. And now she had come home to die in the little cottage by the river where she had first known him, and where she had first succored him in the hour of his

danger and distress. "On'y it's a poor thing to think that I can't share his grave in the churchyard where his people lie," concluded the widow, sadly; "but, bless God, we'll soon meet again."

The Eighth Ward Tragedy—A Terrible Fight in an Eating Saloon—The Death of Felix Larkin.

At about two o'clock on Wednesday morning, November 25th, Felix Larkin, proprietor of a drinking saloon situated on the corner of Charlton and West streets, and the backer of Ned O'Baldwin, the prize-fighter, sauntering along Hudson street in company with a party of friends, discovered a light burning in the oyster saloon of Hugh Campbell, on the corner of Hudson and Canal streets, and proposed having some refreshments. Knocking loudly on the door, and receiving a summons to state his business, Larkin replied that if the party inside did not open the door, he would break it in. Other words followed through the closed door, resulting in the admission of the party by Campbell. Larkin at once demanded stewed oysters for his friends, and on Campbell's stating that his fire had gone out, and that he was unable to supply them, he made use of abusive language and called for cold ham. While Campbell was preparing the ham, Larkin continued applying his opprobrious epithets, and called the proprietor names too indecent for publication. On Campbell's remonstrating with Larkin for his impudent conduct, the latter threatened the former with personal violence in case of any interference. Up to this time Larkin's friends had taken no part in the conversation, but were quietly eating raw oysters in one of the little apartments partitioned off in front of the bar; but, when after Larkin's threats, Campbell rapped for the assistance of his barkeeper, John Bergin, they, in turn, expressed offensive language. Bergin came from his room, clad only in his night-shirt, and as he entered the saloon, he was assaulted by the party, Larkin at the same time drawing a revolver and firing at Campbell, who, fortunately, dodged the bullet, and running from the saloon, called for the police. When he came back he found that a desperate encounter was going on between the barkeeper and Larkin's party. Larkin again drew his revolver, when Campbell seized a knife to defend himself from his antagonist, and in a few moments both men were engaged in a deadly struggle. As the two men plied their weapons, and each one endeavored to overcome his fellow, the walls, floor, and table were splattered profusely with blood, and the partitions broken from their fastenings.

At last, a cry was uttered; Larkin called out that he was stabbed, and sprang to his feet with spasmodic energy; but still he continued to fight with desperation. Campbell continued to deal his blows until the police officers arrived, when he had to be dragged from the body of Larkin by main force.

The body of Larkin was removed first to the station-house, and then to his saloon on the corner of West and Charlton streets, and the other combatants were taken as prisoners to the Twenty-eighth Precinct station-house. They gave their names as Hugh Campbell, William McLean, and John Bergin, and were detained on the charge of murder. David O'Day was held for assault and battery, and Ann Hines, a domestic, as a witness.

Campbell was severely beaten about the head and body but did not sustain serious injuries. Larkin, it is stated, had quarreled with several persons during the day and evening, and had been heard to threaten violence.

The physicians stated that, in all their experience with post-mortem examinations, they never before saw a person so frightfully beaten and stabbed. Seven of the wounds were considered fatal, any one of them alone being sufficient to produce death.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the courtesies extended by the Captain of the Twenty-eighth Precinct to our artist, and also Officer John Farrell, who conducted him over the scene of the homicide.

THE PERUVIAN MINISTER.

DON JOSE ANTONIO GARCIA Y GARCIA, the worthy representative of Peru in this country, whose portrait we now give, was born in Lima, and followed the studies for a forensic career in the College of San Carlos, of that city. Soon after becoming a lawyer, in 1853, having previously received the University degree of Doctor of Civil Law, he was appointed Professor of International Law in the Military and Naval Academy, and subsequently of several other high classes in the University of San Marcos.

Mr. Garcia was appointed Secretary to the Peruvian Legation in the United States, by President Echenique, Charge d'Affaires to New Granada, by General Castilla, who succeeded Echenique in the government of Peru, and Charge d'Affaires in Washington, by General Pezet, when the latter, being President of that republic, felt the necessity of having a man of ability and character in this Legation, which has always been deemed the most important one in the South American republics, and which acquired greater importance for Peru after the breaking out of the war between that country and Spain.

It was from such motives that President Prado made, in turn, choice of Garcia, and appointed him Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States in 1867, although Prado's administration was surrounded by the enemies of Pezet and his supporters; and it is a remarkable and rare circumstance in the politics of Peru, and one that speaks for itself in behalf of Mr. Garcia, that he has always enjoyed the confidence of all parties, and that he has been called to fill some prominent station by every succeeding government, however hostile to its predecessor and its supporters. Castilla was as hostile to Echenique as Prado to Pezet, yet they all held Garcia's merit in equally high esteem, and employed him. This has been strongly illustrated by the notorious fact that on the downfall of President Prado, and when every one who had held any public office during his administration was deprived of it, and many went into exile, Garcia was confirmed as Minister to Washington by President Canseco, and subsequently by President Balta, though both were as bitter enemies to Prado's men as to each other's.

Mr. Garcia, young as he is, enjoys the reputation of being one of the most successful lawyers in Lima, and when his countrymen have elected him to a seat in Congress and in the Senate House of Peru, he has shown himself a fluent and good speaker. In his manner he is easy and amiable, and his friends ever carry in praise, his good and generous disposition. Mr. Garcia has an interesting family, and we hope he may long live for their happiness and for the good of his country.

We shall conclude this short notice of his career by mentioning that he is a member of the Lawyers' Scientific Institution of Lima, of the Institute of Africa, of Paris, of the Philadelphia Society of Natural Sciences, of the New Haven Episcopalian Synod Society, in Connecticut, and of several public institutions of science and letters in this city.



THE EIGHTH WARD TRAGEDY—TERRIBLE FIGHT AT THE HOUSE OF HUGH CAMPBELL, 483 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK CITY—THE DEATH OF FELIX LARKIN.—SEE PAGE 203.

Hon. Chas. P. Daly, First Judge of the New York Court of Common Pleas.

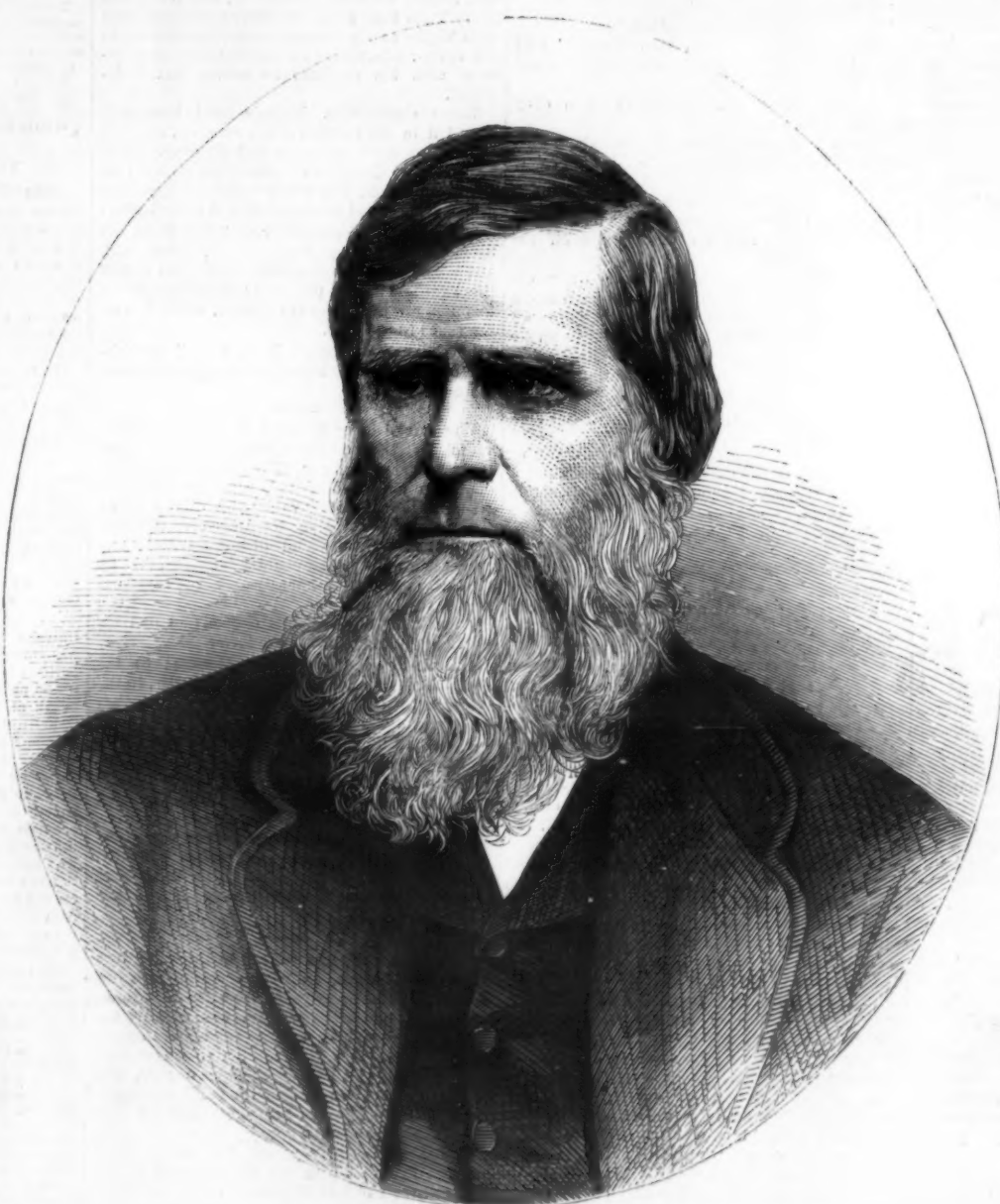
JUDGE DALY, though still in the prime of life, is the senior in continued judicial service of any of the present Judges of our higher Courts, with the single exception of his former colleague, Judge Ingraham, now of the Supreme Court.

The Judge is a native of New York, and is about fifty-two years of age. His career affords a striking illustration of what may be accomplished under the influence of our free institutions by an ambitious young man without any advantages except natural ability, accompanied by strict integrity and patient industry.

Having received in early youth a limited education, he was obliged, for his support, to work for a time at a mechanical trade, a circumstance which he is not deterred by false pride from mentioning to his friends since he has attained his present dignified position. The instances are not uncommon in this country where men of little or no education in early life, have attained even the highest official positions; but in such cases, the want of early training is generally apparent, and it is extremely rare that such a person can ever properly lay claim to any rank as a scholar. It is one of the most creditable features in Judge Daly's history, that he is a most remarkable exception to this rule.

Possessed of excellent powers of mind, it, perhaps, may not be surprising that, by constant study, and a judicial experience of many years, he should become, as he is, both a sound Judge and a learned Jurist; but, as is well known to those who enjoy an intimate acquaintance with him, his claims to respect and admiration rest on far more extended grounds than professional acquirements. The limits of this brief sketch will not permit of extended remark upon his varied attainments. It will suffice to mention that he is an accomplished linguist, possessing much more than a superficial acquaintance with ancient and modern languages; a graceful and polished writer, a judicious critic and acknowledged authority in various departments of art and literature, a useful citizen, prominent in many societies and institutions of science, progress, and charity; and to sum up all in two words of peculiar American significance, too often misapplied, he is both a scholar and a gentleman.

In 1842, Judge Daly was elected by the Democratic party to represent this city in the State Legislature. Soon after retiring from that body he sought judicial position, but with characteristic modesty applied for the appointment of Judge of the Marine Court, a local tribunal of subordinate character; all judicial officers being at that time appointed by the Governor. Acting in this application, he was in



HON. CHARLES P. DALY, FIRST JUDGE OF THE NEW YORK COURT OF COMMON PLEAS

a very short time appointed, in 1844, to the more important office of Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, a tribunal which, since the Constitution of 1846, has possessed all the powers of the Supreme Court, both at common law and in equity, in all cases where the defendants reside, or are served with process in the city of New York.

In 1847, after the adoption of the Constitution by which the Judiciary was made elective, Judge Daly was re-elected for the term of six years, and again in 1853, in 1859, and in 1865, was re-elected for the same term, in each instance receiving a large and complimentary majority. In 1858, after the transfer of Judge Ingraham from the Common Pleas to the Supreme Court, Judge Daly, by the voice of his colleagues, became the First Judge of the Court, and still continues to hold that position.

In 1860 he received from Columbia College the merited compliment of the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He married several years ago a daughter of Philip M. Sydig, Esq., and in consequence of this alliance with a lady of congenial tastes and accomplishments, his home has long been recognized as a resort of intellect and social refinement.

It is the design of this sketch to be just, without flattery, and it will be proper, therefore, to indulge in a little healthy criticism upon one failing, which is a common subject of remark among the legal profession, and of which Judge Daly is not the only example among the Judiciary. It is the old story of "the law's delay." It is complained of him that, after a thorough argument before him of a case involving important questions of law, the decision is sometimes delayed for as many years as it should be months. Some daring lawyer has gone so far as to suggest that probably the preparation of some paper on "Pre-Raphaelitism," to be read before the Century Club, some dissertation on the disputed plays attributed to Shakspeare, for the benefit of some Shakspearean association, some scientific lecture on the *vis inertiae*, to be delivered before the American Institute, some discourse upon the Pandects of Justinian, to be read before some law school, some essay on American antiquities for the archives of the Geographical and Statistical Society, or some oration on Medieval Irish heroism for the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, may have absorbed the mind and occupied the time of the Judge, so as to interfere somewhat with a speedy determination of the cases in his pigeon-holes. It is just, however, to add that when the long-expected decision is promulgated, it is found to be in the form of a careful and comprehensive review of all the authorities bearing upon the subject, generally correct in its conclusions, and in most cases is sustained on appeal.

Judge Daly is both courteous and dignified. He is popular with the Bar as well as with the community, and it is to be hoped that he will never be allowed to leave, except for a higher station, the Bench where he has so long presided with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the public.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS.

The Faithful Watcher.

A German named Frank Stein, about fifty years of age, and a peddler by occupation, has for some time past occupied a room in Birmingham, Pa. On Wednesday, November 4th, he was noticed going to his



THE FAITHFUL WATCHER.

room, but was not seen afterward until the following Saturday, when the attention of a neighbor was attracted by the howlings of a dog. The neighbor ascended to Stein's room, and, upon opening the door, found the body of the unfortunate man lying upon the floor, and a half-starved dog keeping watch over it. Assistance was at once procured, and the body examined, when it was discovered to be partially decomposed. The coroner was notified, when he at once summoned a jury, and proceeded to investigate the case. Dr. J. H. Roberts testified, that from the appearance of the body, death had resulted from the want of proper nourishment, and the surroundings corroborated the doctor's theory. The room contained several articles of furniture, but the cupboard was entirely empty; in fact food of any kind could not be found on the premises. It is supposed that Stein went to his room on Wednesday, and being without means to purchase food, literally starved to death. His dog remained faithful to the last, and when found was hardly able to walk.

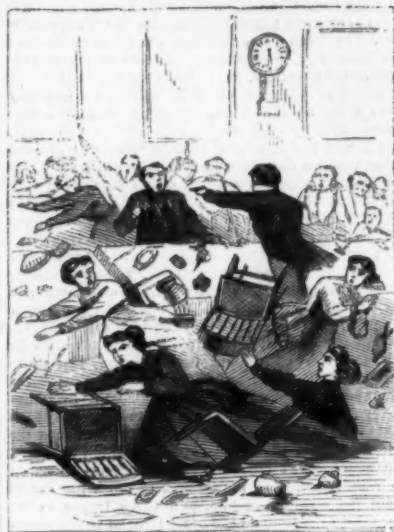
Scenes at the Burning of the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum, at Columbus, Ohio, Wednesday, November 18th.

About 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening, November 18th, a fire broke out in the northern extremity of the east wing of the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum, at Columbus, Ohio. There were nearly four hundred patients confined in the buildings at the time. At first discovery, the fire caused no serious alarm, but in a short time it was announced that the supply of water in the cisterns was exhausted, and then it became evident that the entire asylum would be destroyed. One of those indescribable scenes then followed, which cannot be conveyed to those absent from the appalling spectacle. The flames had cut off communication between the extreme end of the east wing and the main building, so that the only hope of rescuing the worst class of female inmates from their perilous position was by breaking through the heavily barred windows, or cut-



A SWIM AND A RUN FOR LIFE.

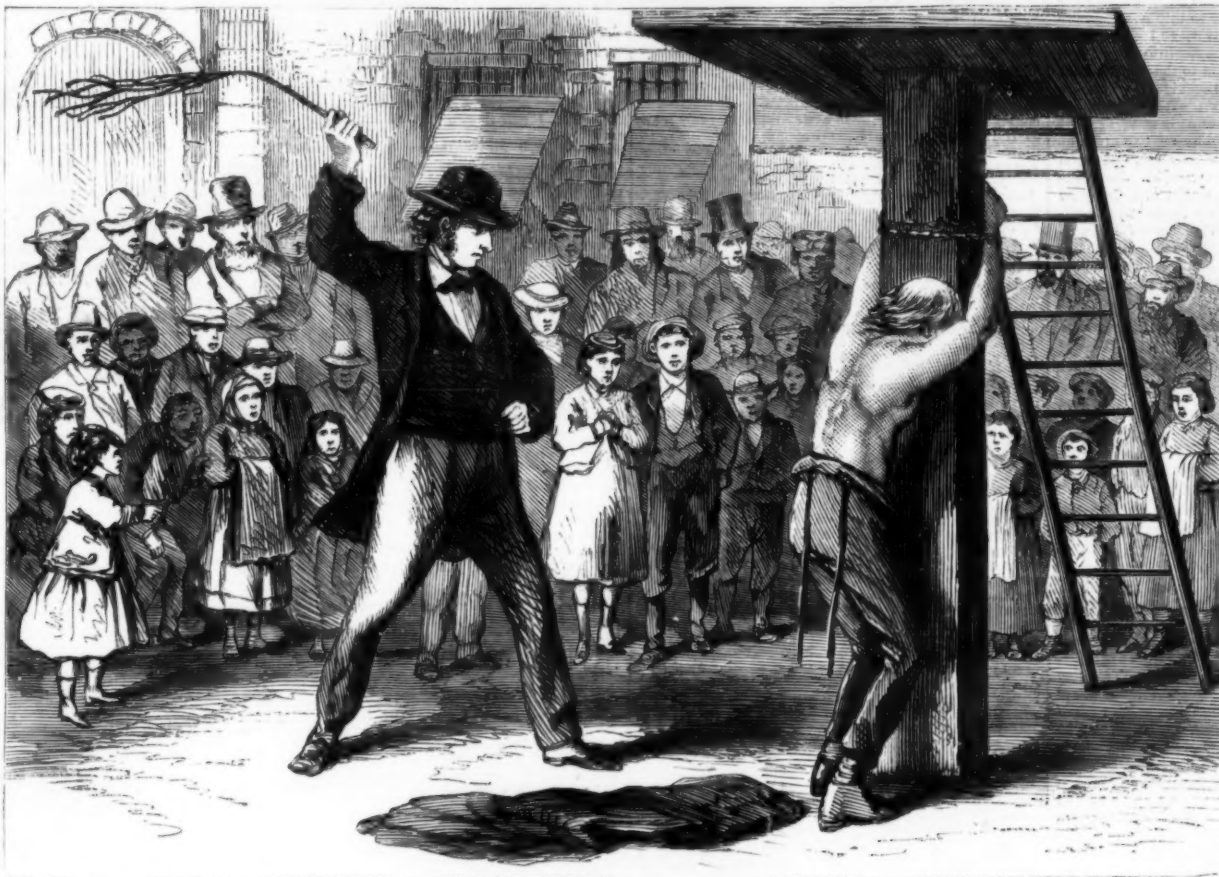
tirely nude. Some had nothing on but their night-clothing, some had sheets or blankets wrapped about their heads; others, with their hair streaming in the wind, looked like tories let loose. A stranger spectacle was presented in another part of this extraordinary scene. All the female patients whose rooms could be reached had been assembled in the large Amusement Hall, and



ENTERTAINMENT FOR LADIES AT A SOUTHERN HOTEL.

had there been locked in to prevent their escape. Almost all the guards and attendants being engaged in saving property and life, these congregated maniacs were left to indulge all the wild fancies and vagaries of their disordered minds.

Some knelt down and engaged in earnest prayer, some in loud exhortations, some declared that they had just reached the place of final torments, and that the flames around them were the fires of hell, while others indulged in loud laughter and jests, now uttering horrid oaths, now lifting their eyes in supplication, and again dancing in a perfect ecstasy of delight. One immense woman sprang, with one bound, upon the beautiful piano at the head of the room, and, with her heavy shoes, danced so long and with such violence upon it, that although the lunatic's neck was not broken, the instrument was completely destroyed. In the removal of these raving maniacs in carriages and omnibuses, they generally presented a very quiet demeanor and gave but little trouble, except that some manifested an unaccountable disposition to rush back into the flames from which they had just been rescued. Sleeping in rooms next to the one in which the fire originated, were the six ill-fated women who suffered death by suffocation before help could reach them. Their lifeless bodies were snatched from the flames, and being borne out from the reach of the devouring element, lay stretched amid the falling snow, upon the grass, rendering more ghastly and ghostly the harrowing scene. Before midnight the patients had all been removed to the Hospital, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Penitentiary. Soon after midnight, 10,000 people had reached the grounds. Almost a thousand of these set themselves to work to save the furniture and other movable property of the institution. The Asylum, with one exception the largest of its kind in the United States, had afforded shelter and treatment for this unfortunate class of beings for more than thirty years.



THE WHIPPING POST IN DELAWARE.

ting a passage-way through the tin-plated roof. Ladders were thrown against the walls, the strong iron grating covering the windows was torn away, and the shrieking lunatics were tenderly taken in the arms of strong, brave men, and borne down the long ladders to the ground. Some were led along the steep roof of the

conservatory building, and thence handed carefully down to a place of safety; others were dragged through holes cut in the ceilings of their cells, and, passing out upon the high roof of the main building, moved through the storm like spectres walking in the air. Many of these unfortunate women were almost en-

the grounds. Almost a thousand of these set themselves to work to save the furniture and other movable property of the institution. The Asylum, with one exception the largest of its kind in the United States, had afforded shelter and treatment for this unfortunate class of beings for more than thirty years.

SCENES AT THE BURNING OF THE CENTRAL LUNATIC ASYLUM, COLUMBUS, OHIO.



DEAD IN THE SNOW.



THE MANIC DANCE.



THE ESCAPE THROUGH THE WINDOW



THE ESCAPE THROUGH THE ROOF.

A Swim and a Run for Life.

The perilous adventure, a scene of which is illustrated among our Home Incidents, is a part of the traveling experience of Michael Tammany, of Michigan, who recently returned from a trading expedition through Southern Kansas, and along that line of the Pacific railroad as far as completed. Mr. Tammany's partner, and a boy accompanying them, were murdered in the valley of the Platte river. At one time Mr. Tammany was sharply pursued by seven of the Indians, on their fastest horses, and for a distance of about five miles they were not more than nine or ten rods in his rear. His horse was a remarkably fast one, but his best efforts failed to increase the gap between himself and his pursuers. At length, when Mr. Tammany had almost despaired of making good his flight, his horse suddenly came upon a bluff bank, dropping off into a deep slough directly in front of him. From this bank, which was not less than nine or ten feet high, the horse made a desperate leap, and instantly sunk into the soft alluvium to a depth which completely submerged his body, leaving only his head exposed to sight. At the instant of striking, Mr. Tammany was thrown over the animal's head, and completely covered with mud. The horse was entirely unable to extricate himself from his position, and Mr. Tammany closely clung to his neck, with his face only out of the mire, on the side of the horse's neck opposite the bank from which the jump was made. The Indians immediately appeared on the bank and fired a volley, several balls passing through the blanket saddle-cover, just above the body of Mr. Tammany, the firing ceased—the Indians undoubtedly supposing they had killed their victim—and Mr. Tammany changed his position sufficiently to be able to make an observation of the bank whence the firing had proceeded. The savages had left the bank, and he observed four of them, with long knives in their hands, making an attempt to cross the ravine about ten rods above him, and three trying to get across below. Although the horse jumped nearly across the ravine, Mr. Tammany was at the critical moment so nearly exhausted that he at first thought he could make no further effort to escape the fate which he knew must be his if he remained a few minutes longer. But he jerked off his boots, leaving them with his helpless horse, and crawled out, until he reached a soil that would support him in an erect position, when he started on a very fleet run for the river; the dense growth of alder-bushes, through which he crawled in starting from the ravine, favoring his retreat against the observation of the savages, until he could get some distance away. After running, as he thinks, about two miles, he reached the Platte river, and hearing his pursuers yelling on his track, jumped into the stream, and swam down it, keeping close to the clayey bank, which was several feet high, and so steep as in many places to reach several feet over the water. The water was beyond his depth, but Mr. Tammany was an expert swimmer. After swimming down nearly two miles he came to quite a sharp bend in the stream, and upon turning the bend, he observed, near the middle of the stream, two or three islands, about half a mile below him. One of these he reached, and, concealing himself, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his pursuers. He was finally rescued by a detachment of United States soldiers, who helped him to their wagon, and carried him, in a terrible state of exhaustion, to Fort Sedgewick.

Entertainment for Ladies at a Southern Hotel.

A few days ago an exciting scene occurred in the dining-room of the Roper Hotel, in Mobile, the presence of the ladies at table enhancing the liveliness of the occasion. One of the guests drew a pistol upon another, and pulled trigger. Fortunately the cap snapped, and the assailant was secured before he could repeat the experiment. But the utmost confusion ensued. Ladies screamed, fainted, or rushed from the room amid a general upsetting of chairs and breakage of crockery, and but few had the courage or the appetite to resume their places.

The Whipping Post in Delaware.

The scene described in our illustration, and which was enacted at Newcast, Delaware, on Saturday, November 21st, is so much a disgrace to the civilization of the day and to our country, that we have transferred to our columns the following description from the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin: This is Saint Pillory's day in Newcastle county, and it is being celebrated with appropriate rites. Saint Pillory takes the place here of the goddess of Justice. He is not blindfolded, and he holds no nicely-balanced scales in his hand. He wields a scourge, and his eyes are wide open. All devout Delawareans believe in him, swear by him, and rely on him as their protector and defender. Twice a year in each of the three county towns in the State, Delaware law directs oracles to be held in his honor, and select victims whose blood is to be shed as an offering to him. I will tell you of his shrine and describe the sacrifice. There were seven persons whipped here to-day, and the ancient instrument of torture trembled again, as it has done for half a century, in the terrible embrace of its victims. It is a curious relic of a semi-civilization that is forgotten everywhere else but here. It consists of a sturdy post a foot square. Three feet from the ground it pierces a small platform; and five feet above this there is a cross-piece, which contains in each of its arms a hole for the neck and two holes for the wrists of the miserable wretch who is to suffer its torture. The upper half of the arm lifts to admit the victims and then closes sufficiently tight upon him to impede the circulation of the blood. It is fastened down with a wooden wedge-shaped key, shot into the centre post. The whole machine looks like a gigantic cross, with a platform half way down its length. It is black with age, covered with patches of green mold and moss, and shrunken and split until the grain of the wood protrudes in ridges. It is as worm-eaten and decayed as the villainous code which sustains it; its unsightly, disgusting presence is a worthy type of the conservatism which makes these people laggard in the march of humanity and progress. The ponderous gates of the jailyard swung open at ten o'clock precisely, and admitted a crowd of men and children. By actual count there were one hundred and twenty-five little girls and boys present, some of them not more than four or five years of age. This was the saddest sight of all. The entertainment began by the introduction of William Jones to the audience. Mr. Jones had stolen store goods worth \$38, and he was sentenced to return that amount of money, stand in the pillory for one hour, be whipped with twenty lashes, be imprisoned for six months, and wear a convict's dress for six months after his release. The first thing in order was the pillory. William ascended the long ladder rather sadly, and the jailer having placed his neck and hands in the holes, fastened the top bar upon them and came down to the ground. The criminal was taller than the stock, and he was compelled to bend down just enough to make his position intensely painful. A keen, piercing northeast wind swept in from the broad expanse of the river, and compelled the spectators to

blow warmth upon their fingers. Mr. Jones had his circulation stopped, but he could not blow upon his hands. The jagged, splintered edge of the wooden collar rasped his neck until it tore the skin, and whenever he attempted to move his head to make his position more easy, the bar would catch the upper part of his jawbone, and give him exquisite torture. "Jailer, isn't that pretty severe?" "Well, yes, it's a very uncomfortable position, and then his fingers and face get numb, you see." Meanwhile he jailer busied himself preparing for the flogging. This is done beneath the platform of the pillory. The prisoner stands close to the post, and has his arms handcuffed above his head. The jailer, a tender-hearted fellow—merciful even in executing merciless laws—ascended the ladder, and began to comfort the poor wretch, whose hands were livid with cold, and whose face was purple. At the first stroke of the clock in the church-steeple, the jailer quickly lifted the bar, helped the man down the ladder, and supported him while he staggered to his cell. The sheriff then came out with the "cat" in his hand. This venerable weapon consists of a stout handle about two feet long, with nine lashes of somewhat greater length. The thongs are made of thick leather, twisted together, and as hard as wire. They have been soaked with blood before this, and it has dried upon them until their edges are as sharp as knives. The sheriff has just begun his term of office, and this was his first whipping. He looked ashamed and disgusted. The first candidate for the lash was the boy alluded to above, who stole seventy cents worth of pig-iron. The jailer brought him out, fastened him to the post, and removed a rough blanket from his shoulders. He was naked to the waist. The thermometer was at thirty-five degrees. "One," said the jailer; "two, three," etc., as the sheriff, tenderly, and with not half his seeming strength, struck twenty blows. The skin was not broken, and the boy, looking very sad, was hurried off. This officer is too human for the law. Out came the jailer with another boy—a boy of fourteen, who was surrounded by running children gazing curiously upon him. He had twenty lashes, "so, and as each blow descended, his muscles contracted, and he tried to dodge to avoid it. When the boy was released, he assumed an air of bravado, and cracked his heels together, to signify that he didn't care for such a flogging. All the little girls clapped their hands and laughed at this. Then there was a piteous sight. An old man of seventy years, decrepit, feeble and very lame, hobbled out, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. He wanted a shirt, Heaven knows, badly enough this bitter winter weather, and he had very wickedly stolen it. He had none on now. The jailer fastened him to the post and snatched the blanket from his back. His skin was yellow and wrinkled, and it had scars upon it. The lashes fell, and the old man's whole frame was convulsed with agony. He writhed under each blow as if it was unendurable, and at last he put his head down and cried like a child. Most of the spectators were affected. The jailer whispered in his ear very hurriedly—"It wasn't so very bad, George, was it?" and then helped him to limp away to his six months' home. The next was a foppish worshiper at St. Pillory's shrine. He wore fashionable trousers, tucked into aristocratic top-boots of patent leather. But the upper portion of his fine figure was *en disabille*. Charles Wheatley was his name, and the annexation of those identical patent leather boots, his crime. He wore a forced smile upon his face, and tried to assume a satisfied air; but when the "cat" furrowed his back into ugly crimson ridges, he squirmed and twisted as if he did not enjoy it hugely. He danced off with affected gaiety, and the boys and girls rewarded him with cheers and laughter. There was no cheerfulness about the next man. He had stolen a carpet-bag in the cars at Wilmington, and had been sentenced as severely as the rest. He looked sick and very sad. A plaster was stretched across his bare chest, and he walked with feeble and hesitating step. The jailer said he was very ill. He stood up to the post with his teeth clinched, and his breath coming hard; and as the sheriff scored his back into swelling cords, he shuddered, as if suffering excruciating pain and overwhelming disgrace. The last actor in this hideous tragedy was the man who had stood in the pillory for an hour. He seemed hardly recovered from his first torture, and his face indicated keen suffering. He walked to the post with an air of melancholy resignation, placed his blue hands through the manacles, and received his punishment without any utterance but a suppressed moan. As he passed through the grated door of the prison, the crowd began slowly to disperse, and to discuss, as they went, the excellence of the system, the behavior of the sufferers, and the lenity of the sheriff. It was only in 1855 that some ray of civilization, some glimmer of decency, shone in upon the dull and crain of the legislators, and woman-whipping was abolished. We can thank God and take hope from that forward stride. But they dog little children yet.

A CHALLENGE FROM A LADY.

New York, Oct. 20, 1868.

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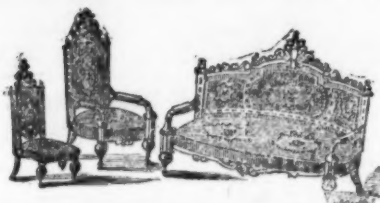
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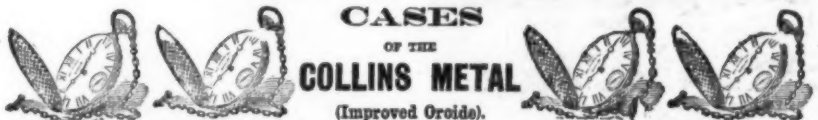
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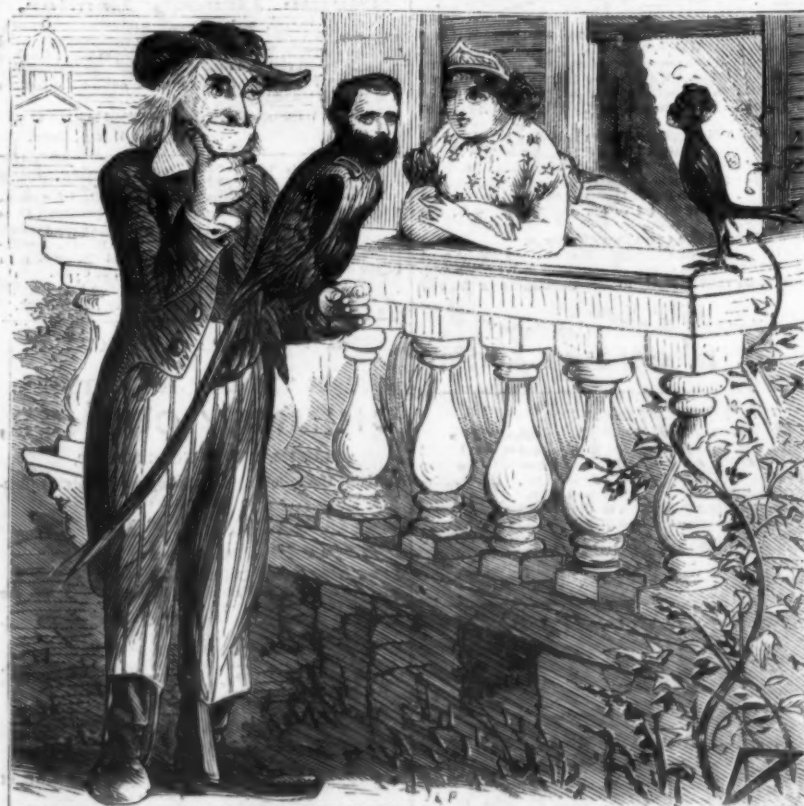
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